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# GIRLS WHO BECAME LEADERS

BY  
WINIFRED AND FRANCES  
KIRKLAND



Ray Long & Richard R. Smith, Inc.

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**GIRLS WHO  
BECAME LEADERS**



# I

## CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

### *Babouska*

GRANDMOTHER is one of the nicest words that ever was made. Everyone has a smile for it. Everyone has a mental picture of what it stands for. In Catherine Breshkovsky's case, as in many others, *grandmother* means white hair, kind twinkling eyes, an understanding smile, helpful hands. Yes, "Babouska," Russian for "dear little grandmother," means that and much more when applied to the patriot Catherine Breshkovsky. She is, however, a grandmother not of one child or even of twenty, but of all the Russian people, young and old. She is called "The Grandmother of the Russian Revolution," and she has found it a very difficult child to love and tend.

Long ago, away off in a charming Russian home in the district of Vitebsk in Little Russia, Catherine, or Katya, was not a grandmother at all. She was just a little girl in the late 1840's,



a child not beautiful, but her crooked neck did not trouble her for there was nothing crooked about her spirit; that was always beautiful and free. Little Katya was free and generous in the love she gave to her family,—to her handsome father, Constantine Verigo, and to her polished and tender-hearted mother, to her sisters and to her brothers. Catherine was free in her childhood to love her beautiful home with its surrounding fields and woods: but she could not enjoy her life as a rich Russian child because there was something that troubled her and there has always been the same troublesome thing in her life—everyone is not free, everyone has not a beautiful home, everyone does not have enough to eat.

Very early in life Katya came to know these distressing facts. Her father's beautiful house, his cattle, his fields, his woods were all cared for by serfs, or slaves. These poor people possessed no freedom. They lived in hovels and ate coarse food, and very little even of that. On Sundays the little rich girl saw them dressed in sheepskins praying in the beautiful churches. On week days she often ran away to play with the little serf children. Sometimes she found

them eating the food that had been thrown out for the animals; often she came upon them sick and dirty and unhappy. She tried to take them back with her to her beautiful home but no one seemed to want her to do that. No sooner would little Catherine drag a poor neglected child into the beautiful house that was her father's, than someone would tell her to go out again. Because she could not bear to have so many nice things while the serf children had nothing, she gave them her toys and even her clothes, but the grown-ups never seemed to understand her generosity. They did not understand why she preferred speaking Russian to speaking French. Now French was the language of fashion and society. The poor serf children could not speak it at all. Little Katya liked the plain Russian words because they belonged to the soil and the serfs.

When Catherine was still very young, her father became steward of an estate belonging to the Duchess Galitzin. He took his family with him and they found themselves in a very grand household indeed: but little Katya cared nothing for the grandeur. She liked, however, the wonderful books in the Duchess's library.

Already she knew much about the Bible, she now read books on many subjects: those on freedom interested her most.

In the year 1861, when Catherine was seventeen years old, her friends the Russian serfs were freed, at least their masters did not own them any more, but instead of being better off, the peasants fared worse under the new conditions. Previously they had been allowed a little land to raise food for themselves and their animals: now they had no land and no money. The landlords drove them from place to place. Catherine Breshkovsky and her young friends thought this very horrible, the suffering of the peasants gave them no time to think of their own happiness. To find help for these poor people Catherine went with her mother and sister to Petrograd. There she joined a group of distinguished people who were working for the betterment of the peasants. When her mother left the city, Catherine begged to be allowed to stay and study and earn her own living. She and her friends could not bear to live easy lives while the poor peasants were distressed. Her mother consented to her becoming a governess. She taught successfully

for two and a half years in a nobleman's family. Her father then urged her come home. He helped her to start a boarding school for rich girls, and he also built her a schoolhouse where she taught poor children free. All that Catherine earned above her simple expenses she gave to the poor. She was always an unselfish and successful teacher of the rich and of the poor.

When Catherine Breshkovsky was twenty-five years old she married a young Russian nobleman who also loved the peasants. Together they started a coöperative bank and an agricultural school. Even with all their efforts Catherine felt they were not doing enough for the poor, so she went to Kiev in search of helpers. There she found students who were willing to go home with her and aid her in studying the laws of Russia in an effort to help the peasants by enforcing the existing code. Trouble soon came. The Russian government did not wish to help the poor. Several of Catherine's friends were sent to icy Siberia. Catherine and her husband were watched and warned to leave the peasants alone. Catherine then made the great decision

of her life. She saw that since no help could come from the old government, a new government must come and she must work for it. She asked her husband if he would join her in her dangerous task. He said he would not. Catherine then went alone to Kiev to become a real revolutionist working for a free Russia for free people. In doing this she gave up a comfortable home, her living, her husband; in a few months she even gave up the dear little son who came to her. For the freedom of Russia she gave up what she most loved. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church in New York City, has called Catherine Breshkovsky one of the ten greatest living women and the "most heroic of all living martyrs for mankind."

Hers was always an everyday heroism, the bravery of going hungry and cold for a good cause. Yes, even the bravery of going to prison. That came after Catherine had gone about the country in peasant dress doing a peasant's work and talking, talking, to the poor people about a better government and better times. The Russian government arrested her and sent her to Arctic Siberia where she stayed many

years. Her life in the prison villages was very difficult; however, she made friends with the other prisoners and she never forgot the great wish of her life—the freedom of Russia. Besides her fellow Russians, Catherine knew an American traveller in Siberia, George Kennan, who also longed for Russian liberty. Mr. Kennan has written of Babouska, "My standards of courage, of fortitude and of heroic self-sacrifice, have been raised for all time, and raised by the hand of a woman."

Sometimes Catherine escaped from prison. Sometimes she was free for a time. Once during such a season she came to America in 1904-05 and pleaded for help for the poor Russians. Many kind Americans came to her aid and she collected more than \$10,000. A great meeting was held in historic Faneuil Hall, Boston. Addresses were given by Julia Ward Howe, Henry Blackwell, and many other friends of freedom. When Catherine Breshkovsky rose to speak, the audience also rose; the applause was deafening. When at last she could be heard, Catherine said, "We are a long way from Russia, and it may seem strange to you to hear anyone speak with warmth of a country

and of questions that are so far away, beyond the mountains and the sea. You who are sitting quietly in a beautiful, well-lighted hall in Boston, what have you to do with the gloomy prisons in Russia? . . . Friends, all Russia is an immense prison to every Russian with progressive ideas. It is worth everything to the men and women who are working for freedom in Russia to know that free and civilized nations sympathize with them and wish them success."

When Babouska returned to Russia she was very soon imprisoned again—this time for life; but now she had her American friends to cheer her loneliness. They sent her clothing, books, letters, and money for her work. Sometimes these gifts were months in arriving, sometimes they did not come at all, but always Catherine had the pleasure of looking forward to them. Her letters of thanks are full of gratitude and affection. "It was a glorious apparition," she wrote on receiving a gift box. "The goods were so well packed that everything is as fresh as if just out of the shop. Even the paper and the cardboard are safe enough to be used by our bookbinders. Everyone touched the stuff, and

everyone was sincerely glad to know that grandmother will be clad as warmly as anyone could desire."

At last there came to Babouska the great joy of seeing her dream come true. In 1917 Russia was free. Catherine Breshkovsky was told to come home, to come back to Petrograd. Her welcome is a bright spot in history. The long journey was made easy for her. She was given an official welcome. Many baskets of flowers were presented to "Our Dear Grandmother"—"To Russia's Martyr Heroine." She was treated like an empress. On the arm of Kerensky, Secretary of Justice, she stepped before the welcoming crowds while Kerensky said, "Comrades, the Grandmother of the Russian Revolution has returned at last to a free country. She has been in dungeons, in the penal settlements of the Lena, she has been tortured endlessly, yet here we have her with us brave and happy. Let us shout 'Hurrah' for our dear Grandmother!"

But the dream was not to stay true. When the Bolsheviki came into power Catherine found that she was not in sympathy with them. Again she left Russia although she was very



old and tired and often ill. She now lives in Czecho-Slovakia in the city of Prague, where she interests herself in founding boarding schools for the neglected children of Russian Carpathia, now a part of the Czecho-Slovak Republic. The children are eager to learn and through Babouska's American friend, Alice Stone Blackwell, money is still collected to help the young peasants. Catherine Breshkovsky is still an interested grandmother although she is in the upper eighties of her age. She, who has been so many times a prisoner, is now free, but she will never cease to work for the freedom and the education of her unnumbered grandchildren, the poor people of Russia.

## II

### ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

#### *Noted Daughter of Noted Parents*

IN some families there is one gifted boy or girl who forges ahead and wins fame. At times there are even two famous members of one household, but it is a rare happening when a whole family is noted. Alice Stone Blackwell is a successful writer and social worker. Her noted parents were Lucy Stone, the celebrated suffrage lecturer, and Henry Blackwell, a well-known public speaker and philanthropist.

It was a singularly appropriate home for a little girl baby to enter, that cottage in Orange, New Jersey, where on September 14, 1857, little Alice was born. Her mother had devoted her whole life to the betterment of living conditions for women and girls; and her father had since his marriage given all his strength to the cause of woman's freedom. Whatever was best and sweetest in life for a girl to know,

surely these kindly and gifted parents could and did teach her. Later in her life Alice came to see what precious gifts her fairy godmother had brought to her cradle, the very best of gifts, a good mother and a good father. Alice has written a whole book about her mother's beautiful life. The question naturally arose whether Lucy Stone would go on lecturing when she had a little girl of her very own to tend. Until Alice was several years old, her mother held to the decision she made when her baby was tiny. "I can be only a mother," she said, "no trivial thing, either."

And so during the earliest years of her life little Alice had the uninterrupted care of her famous mother. She had her famous father's companionship, too,—such a jolly, handsome father, full of fairy tales and fun. Evening after evening passed in story-telling. Usually the story was the same as to setting and characters but the adventures were different, oh, very different indeed! But all the time he was talking about enchanted birds' eggs and hobgoblins Alice knew her dear fun-loving father had his earnest workaday ideas, his lectures for the cause of woman's suffrage. She loved him

more because he had this serious work in the world.

"Brought up by such parents, I naturally came to share their views," Alice Blackwell writes. "In my childhood I heard so much about woman suffrage that I was bored by it and thought I hated it, until one day I came across a magazine article on the other side and found myself bristling up like a hen in defence of her chickens. This happened when I was about twelve years old. After that I never had any doubt as to whether I believed in it."

62 Soon afterward Alice began to distribute suffrage circulars at the doors of public meetings held by her parents. Even before she 5 stopped being a schoolgirl she was permitted 7 to help select stories and poems for her mother's suffrage paper, the *Woman's Journal*. In 1882, when her parents were campaigning 7 in the West, Alice had sole charge of the periodical. The present *Woman Citizen* is the successor of the paper to which Lucy Stone 0 gave much of her time and money, and Alice Stone 92 Blackwell is still a contributing editor. Besides helping edit a paper when she was a girl, Alice joined in the open forum arguments that

followed suffrage meetings, and as she grew older she helped her parents more and more in print and on the platform, continuing this work while they lived and afterward until the suffrage cause was won.

Pleased as Lucy Stone was to have her daughter's footsteps follow her own, she did not want them to be kept out of all other paths, so, unknown to Alice, she asked a prominent friend of hers, Mrs. Isabel Barrows, to show her daughter a little more of life than her single-track parents could present to her. Mrs. Barrows and her husband, the Reverend Samuel Barrows, were at that time editing the *Christian Register*. Mrs. Barrows was also secretary of the National Conference of Charities and Correction. The Barrowses were travellers and had many friends. Their camp in Canada was a meeting place of thinkers from all parts of the world. Alice Stone Blackwell became a regular guest at the camp and a frequent caller at the offices of the *Christian Register*. In both places she found distinguished people who were working for worthy "Causes" as yet untouched by her busy and self-sacrificing parents. There was the

Cause of the persecuted Armenians, later so much assisted by Alice herself. There was the Cause of the Russian peasants, downtrodden for centuries.

Through Mrs. Barrows Alice Blackwell made many of the dearest friendships of her life. Chief of these stands her great devotion to Babouska, Catherine Breshkovsky, the great-hearted "little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution." Through Babouska, Alice came to devote more of her time to the Russians, in whom she had long been interested. In the year 1904 Catherine Breshkovsky lectured in Boston to enthusiastic audiences. Lucy Stone was dead, but Henry Blackwell and his famous daughter were prominently present. Later, from her Siberian prison Catherine Breshkovsky wrote letters to Alice Stone Blackwell and also letters to other people mentioning her. In one of these she thus writes of her—"whose friendship incomparable for its constancy and tenderness, has been a sweet sunbeam to me during the long days of an interminable exile"; and again, "I saw during my personal acquaintance with her that she was apt to embrace the whole world with

her beautiful heart, her strong soul; to press it to her bosom and never to be tired of working for it."

One of the books Alice wanted to write was the story of Babouska's life. On May 3, 1915, Catherine Breshkovsky wrote Alice in answer to her request for biographical material, "To-day I got the letter in which you speak of some day having the story of my life. Dear child, I tell you seriously that I do not know my own history. I have not felt it. It was always my soul that was in action, and the direction taken by it from my childhood has never changed, so that its history would be monotonous. The details of my material life interested me so little that I do not remember them clearly, and every time that it happens to me to read the memoirs of my old comrades, I am always surprised at what they say about me. It makes me smile. I have to make an effort of memory to recall the past, so far as it concerns myself. The only thing I can say with certainty about myself is that all my life I have wanted to be good and worthy, and that up to this moment I am correcting my faults and imperfections."

But in spite of difficulties Alice wrote Ba-

bouska's life and published it in 1917, calling it, very aptly, *The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution*. It was this same little Grandmother who urged Alice to put into a book her memories of her own famous mother. This Alice Blackwell published more recently, in the autumn of 1930, naming the biography, *Lucy Stone, Pioneer of Woman's Rights*. Miss Blackwell has also written *Armenian Poems*, *Songs of Russia*, and *Songs of Grief and Joy*, the last translated from the Yiddish.

What more Alice Blackwell may do the coming years only can tell, for her splendid energy for helping the under-dogs of the world is unabated. Her friendships grow deeper and broader; her active mind is ever making and executing plans for the betterment of mankind. She has written, "Of the many things that I owe to my father the one for which I am most grateful is the example of a great and beautiful life." Her mother also gave her a similar example, and now she herself is showing what a high-minded unselfish life can accomplish.



### III

#### MARY LYON

##### *Who Founded a College*

NO one can put Mary Lyon into a book—and keep her there! She will come to life before one is aware and go flying down the page, her cap strings untied, her auburn curls dancing, her blue eyes dancing, too, so intent is she upon teaching some girl, or advising her, or kissing and comforting her if she is homesick—and most of the girls who pioneered in the first years of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary were homesick.

It is nearly a hundred years since November, 1837, when Mary Lyon opened Mount Holyoke. It is eighty-two years since she died; and yet she lives not only in the college she founded, but in ever so many other places where her work is known. If she could be described in a sentence it might be made of four words, *Mary Lyon Loved Girls.*

She loved children, too, and often had them about her. In fact when she was a college president she frequently found time to "borrow" a friend's baby boy "for his nap." The place where Mary Lyon was a baby herself is Buckland, Franklin County, Massachusetts. The name Buckland suggests open spaces; the old New England township really began life as a deer park, and Mary Lyon began life as a farmer's daughter, enjoying the fields and brooks and the towering hills. One of these heights, Mount Holyoke, was closely connected with her later life, giving its name to the college of her dreams.

A happy, hardy little girl, Mary grew up the fifth of seven children, of whom only one was a boy. On the rocky little hill-farm there was a busy, thrifty life until the winter Mary was six, when her father died. The neighbors said, "We have lost a friend—the peacemaker is gone." In the succeeding winters the pinch of poverty grew sharper in the Lyon home, but by working through the short summers plucky Mrs. Lyon managed to gather stores for cold weather and even to find time for a famous flower garden, in which a neighbor once

begged a corner for a rare plant because he was sure it could not die under Mrs. Lyon's care. Her children thrived as well as her flowers. Much of Mary Lyon's common sense came from watching her mother. "Economy," President Lyon once said to her students, "is not always doing without things. It is making them do the best they can." Mrs. Lyon once found small Mary examining the hour glass and on questioning her received the answer, "I am trying to make more time." Making more time, or rather making the best of what she had, marked Mary's early eagerness in study. First, like all children of her day, she studied the Bible, then she added other studies. The education of girls was not advanced in those days, but Mary made the most of her meagre chances. In 1810 her mother remarried and went to live in Ashfield, Massachusetts. Mary stayed with her brother on the old farm, and in 1814 she taught a little summer term school at Shelburne Falls. Later, in 1814, she had the good fortune to enter Ashfield Academy where she received excellent instruction, and where her active mind grew rapidly.

Mary came to the Academy in a blue homespun dress she had woven for herself. A drawstring was at her throat, another at her waist. Even in those days she looked like an old-fashioned girl, but she instantly became the close friend of Amanda White, the Squire's lovely daughter. It was well she did, for the little store of money she had earned from weaving two coverlets was soon exhausted. Squire White, being on the school board, asked for free tuition for Mary, and at the same time Mrs. White joined him in another request. They asked Mary Lyon to make her home with them; so Mary came to live in a big white colonial house behind the tall elms of Ashfield's main street. She shared an upper room with her beloved Amanda.

The friendship with the Whites continued. When Mary and Amanda graduated from the Academy they wanted further education, and, being determined girls, they got it. One day in the autumn of 1821 Squire White harnessed his best horses to his best wagon and drove Amanda and Mary and their two little trunks to Byfield Seminary, where they received remarkably good teaching from Joseph Emerson,

a cousin of the famous Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The succeeding years to the great date of Holyoke's founding in 1837 were occupied steadily and successfully in teaching and studying. Vacations were few, but a notable one occurred in 1833, when Mary Lyon spent a merry summer travelling through the Middle Atlantic States and the West, seeing Indians and mountains and lakes. Through all the years when she was steadily gaining in ability and fame, one idea grew quietly in Mary's mind—girls must have as good an education as boys. There must be a woman's college. "Mary will not give up," her mother said. "She just walks the floor and says over and over again when all is dark, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass. Women must be educated—they *must* be!'"

Mary collected money for her dream. She talked about it constantly. The first thousand dollars marked great sacrifice, for it was wholly collected from women of meagre means. The infant enterprise gave the following promise, "The charges to the pupils for

board and tuition will be placed at cost, without rent for buildings or furniture." Miss Lyon once said, "When we decide that it is best to perform a certain duty we should expect success in it, if it is not utterly impossible." She must have repeated this often to herself in the years while she watched Mount Holyoke struggle into being.

At last the site was chosen, the first building was started; even then the walls collapsed under the workmen's hands. Mary Lyon merely said she was glad no one had been hurt. The walls rose again, a roof topped them. An opening date was set, November 8, 1837. But the building wasn't ready, oh no! There wasn't enough furniture, there wasn't enough of anything but courage. The carpets were not down, everything was in confusion. In the centre of the turmoil Mary Lyon was calm. Mount Holyoke opened on the date set; the people of South Hadley opened their homes to the students whose rooms were unfinished. Fathers combined and carried their daughters' trunks upstairs. Students soon finished their unpacking and came downstairs to do their share of helping in this wonderful household created by

Miss Lyon. Wives of trustees washed dishes—there wasn't any time to be idle or homesick. At last at four o'clock a big bell rang and Mount Holyoke opened. Many people said it would close very soon. Mary Lyon appealed to her students. "I cannot succeed without your help," she said. "The life of the institution depends upon this first year." The students listened, and worked at household tasks to save the cost of servants. The experiment soon ceased to be an experiment. Through one trial after another the institution gained strength and friends. The doors of opportunity opened by President Lyon have never closed. Holyoke graduates have gone out to do their bit in all parts of the world and the world has been the better for their service, for the training they received at Mount Holyoke.

Mary Lyon did not put her precepts into a book, but a few of her sayings remain. "When you write a letter," she said, "write what stands out in bold relief—let it be warm like the living daughter." She had a special bit of advice for her pupils who were going to become teachers. "You have not governed a child until you make the child smile under your government;

your self-control is not perfect until you cease to be irritated by your own government." Her own mother's love of economy shows in the following. "Never put anything in the fire that a bird will open its bill to get."

Under such a leader Mount Holyoke was born, and under her it grew for a dozen vigorous years, then the end came—not to the work, but to the brave founder. There had been epidemics of erysipelas in other colleges. Mount Holyoke had remained immune until the early spring of 1849. Then a senior became ill. A panic threatened. It was averted by the bravery of President Lyon. Any girl was at liberty to go home, she said, but work and the use of disinfectants would continue.

The sick girl died with her father and Mary Lyon at her bedside. There was no other case of the dreaded disease, but that of the brave leader, who died on the fifth of March after a brief illness. In a conscious moment she was heard to say, "But God will take care of it," and Mount Holyoke has always justified its great founder's faith.



## IV

### MARY WOOLLEY

#### *Parson's Daughter and President*

IF you had a choice in selecting your father's profession, would you wish him to be a lawyer, a doctor, a teacher, or a minister? But girls seldom have a chance to decide this question because parental callings are chosen before daughters enter the world. Yet if Mary Woolley, competent president of Mount Holyoke college, had had a voice in selecting her father's life work, I am sure she would have wished him to be just what he was—a busy, happy New England parson, and for herself she would have chosen to be a parson's daughter, not in the least minding the restrictions that are sometimes thought to surround the members of a minister's family.

Mr. Woolley was an unusual minister. He would have been unusual in any profession. In a recent article entitled, "What I Owe to My

Father," Mary Woolley has gathered vivid memories of her childhood, all centering about the father who made her early years lively and useful. "I remember," she writes, "as if it were yesterday the criticism of a parishioner—who, when asked why she looked askance at the new minister, replied that she could not trust any minister who went upstairs three steps at a time."

"Three steps at a time," that is the way the Reverend Joseph J. Woolley took life in Meriden, Connecticut. Though Mary was born in South Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1863, her first memories are of the little white parsonage in Meriden. There with her father as her comrade she also learned to look upon life as a stairway to be climbed three steps at a time. She has shared his enthusiasm for all effort.

One of life's stairways that Mary's father had climbed, she knew only through his memories and stories. Mr. Woolley had been a chaplain during the Civil War and what he had seen in hospitals and on the battlefields had made him forever hate the evils of war. Today his daughter is an ardent pacifist. There was, however, not the slightest touch of fear in Mr.

Woolley's reactions to war; an anecdote told his daughter by a veteran makes this point clear. "A soldier had come with a message to my father's tent," she writes, "and when the shells began to fall alarmingly near, mounted his horse for a hasty retreat. My father's only comment was, 'Let 'em shoot. I'm going to finish my breakfast!'"

Finishing things was one of Mr. Woolley's life steps that his daughter has always followed. That saying of her father's, "Never give up a plan because of bad weather," has kept her straight to her course in moments of difficulty. And the course she has mapped out for herself has led to much work, much study. Trust a ministerial household to have books and a respect for learning, classical learning preferred! Mary read and studied as a girl and went away to school where languages and history held her fascinated. At twenty-one she graduated from Wheaton Seminary; in 1886 she went there as a teacher. Five years of teaching, all at Wheaton, followed. One trip to Europe broke the quiet industry of those years, a trip that brought her to Oxford. And in Oxford came the dream of real university study

for women. To study there would be great happiness, Mary thought.

When she came home the dream still clung to her. She confided in her father and he in turn spoke to the President of Brown University, Dr. Andrews. Through this conversation college doors were opened to Mary and to other girls, opened but not very wide at first. The Oxford dream has not been realized, but Mary was to be allowed to attend a few classes at Brown merely as a guest. She did. Then the trustees voted to allow women to take the entrance examinations. Seven girls were to be privileged to take the college course. Would Mary join them? She would. She did. The doors opened wider; in 1894 she received her A.B., in 1895 her M.A., from Brown University.

Another five-year period of teaching followed, this time at Wellesley. In 1900 Mary Woolley was invited to be president of Mount Holyoke, then a small college numbering only four hundred and fifty. Now the student body is limited to one thousand. In 1900 the faculty and staff numbered eighty-six. Now the count is two hundred and twelve. Fifteen buildings

have been added since President Woolley took charge of Mount Holyoke.

Three steps at a time,—yes, the life energy of her father has been Mary Woolley's through the more than thirty years of her college leadership. She has had the will to climb the stairways of life, and she has known what she wanted on the upper floors of effort, known which doors to open to her Mount Holyoke girls. One of these doors is named Fresh Air. At Mount Holyoke physical activities are carried on as far as possible in the open. Miss Woolley herself likes a country walk, the whip of the wind, the tang of out-of-doors.

Another door of higher opportunity at Mount Holyoke is called Service. If education cannot help other people through you—well, it hasn't helped you very much. That is the President's opinion; and following her counsel the Holyoke students go out to useful work of many sorts.

Besides being helpful a girl should be courteous, Miss Woolley thinks. "I don't like to see a college girl brusque or careless," she says. "Surely education should be stamped upon her speech, upon her manners. I don't like the

swagger, either, that some young college girls affect. To my mind the finest manner is the simplest, without either affectation or pretence." And a beautiful sincere manner should come straight from a beautiful character, that, too, is Miss Woolley's belief; and in forming character, religion can never be left out. Mary Woolley had a wonderful religious training in being her parson father's daughter. She says, "A generation once removed from the religious discipline of our fathers may get along and preserve its integrity—but the generation twice removed will find its inherited religion pretty diluted stuff." So Miss Woolley has striven to make the religion of her father a living thing in the lives of the girls who come under her care. There is no cant, no camouflage, merely a great faith and a great sincerity at Mount Holyoke.

Great-hearted President Woolley cannot restrict her helpfulness to just one college, however prominent; she finds time to speak at other colleges. Her sympathetic voice and keen logic win her a wide hearing. And she does not even limit her life work to colleges and education, although she has written a noteworthy book on

the subject of teaching. She is interested in the whole world, especially the peace of the world and the ending of all war. She believes education will abolish the evils of warfare—she believes—but it is hard to state all that a wonderful woman believes, such a woman as Mary Woolley, her mind is so full of beautiful, useful thoughts that none can foretell her future achievements. She takes the future as she takes the present, three steps at a time.

## V

### ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

#### *Who Taught Herself to Teach*

THE public schools of Chicago are the luckiest in all the U. S. A. because of the woman who put fifty years of herself into them. The period of her life from 1845 to 1919 was a period when startling things were happening to education, to women, to the country at large. In all these happenings, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young had a leading part. As one studies her successive photographs from seventeen to seventy, one sees always the same unchanging face, a fine, still face with hair drawn straight back from the parting, such a face as one meets in old daguerreotypes. A daguerreotype is an old-fashioned thing, but there was never anything old-fashioned about Mrs. Young. A tiny, frail-built, valiant woman, she marched always ahead of her times, leading with her the school children of Chicago. Keeping steadily ahead of them and of their teachers, year by year for



half a century, she taught herself how to become always a better teacher.

Although she was to contribute so much to the schoolrooms of the future, Ella Flagg herself as a child had almost no schoolroom training. Possibly she had an even better preparation for her life-work in her happy companionship with her parents, something not very common in the forties and fifties of the last century. Perhaps this great educator learned how to understand children because she herself as a little girl had been so completely understood by both father and mother. Ella Flagg was born into a self-respecting workaday home in Buffalo, New York, on the fifteenth day of January, 1845. Both parents were proud of their sturdy Scotch ancestry. The father was an expert mechanic and an amateur mathematician. He was a most upright man, and a keen thinker, who taught his little girl to think. The reason there was so little schooling was that the child was so delicate that her mother wisely decided to make her body strong and let her mind take care of itself. The result was that little Ella, at nine, taught herself to read, and almost in a day, because she wanted to finish for

herself a newspaper article that had been read to her. Writing she did not attempt for another year or two.

The mother seems to have been a cheery, capable woman, so efficient in household management that her little daughter early learned how to be practical in all she did. In later life, while she developed her excellent theories of education, Ella Flagg Young always knew every detail of school direction, from a substitute's salary to the best methods of ventilation. One of the mother's devices for help was a little garden in which the child was set to work. But she was never so enthusiastic about her gardening as she was about reading aloud to her brother while he did the hoeing. She learned a good deal about all teaching from answering this brother's keen questions. Her interest in manual training was acquired early, and from her father, who let the little girl watch him at his forge. He patiently explained to her all the mathematics of his measurements, and he let her assist him whenever possible. This father, though forced to stop school at ten, had become a wide reader: from him even before she had reached her teens, his daughter had

learned how to educate herself by devouring serious books.

Her stimulating companionship with her parents had so developed her active mind that Ella when at last she did go to school, found both the methods and her little schoolmates extremely boring. The little girl was just thirteen when the family moved to Chicago. After a year or two of ennui at listening to classroom teaching which repeated what she knew already, she at last took the teachers' examination. She passed it, but fifteen was too young for a teacher's certificate, so Ella entered the Normal School as a means of filling in the time until her birthdays caught up with her mental development.

Strange to say, a normal school in those days offered its pupils no opportunity to observe trained teachers actually teaching. Ella Flagg, always enterprising, decided to remedy this deficiency for herself, but could find no fellow-student sufficiently interested to accompany her to the nearest primary school. She herself had been stung to this resolution by her mother's comment on her decision to become a teacher. The sixteen-year-old girl would

never, so her mother maintained, make a good teacher because, brought up at home without contact with little children, she would not be patient with them, would not realize their difficulties. These remarks sent Ella flying to the schoolroom of an accomplished teacher, Miss Rounds, with the breathless explanation that she knew nothing of children but wanted to learn. Both Miss Rounds and the youngsters accepted the situation merrily, with the result that within three weeks the principal offered the volunteer teacher her first class. Just two weeks later Mrs. Flagg died, but not until she had withdrawn all her earlier objections because within that fortnight she had recognized her daughter's supreme talent through its happy effect upon the girl herself.

In 1862, at seventeen, Ella Flagg became a grade teacher in the Foster School, thus beginning that half-century of service, which was to lead from school to school, from being teacher to being principal, from being principal to being superintendent, including, along the way, a university professorship and the presidency of the National Educational Association. Ella Flagg was brought up in a peculiarly

sheltered and considerate family life, only in her very first youth, to have every prop of family relationships, one by one, swept from her. It was almost as if she were being deprived of every other interest in order that she might devote every energy of her life to the school children of Chicago. Soon after her mother's death, her father, too, went from her. In 1868 her only brother was killed in a railroad accident. In that same year, without giving up her teaching, she married William Young, a long-time friend of the family, but a man, even at their marriage, so frail in health, that his early death was an inevitable additional sorrow. But there was something in Mrs. Young's spirit that always burned high and steadfast above all personal grief. Always she was a woman as reserved about her personal affairs as she was open and unflinching and bold in her public acts.

The fifty years of an educational leadership which from humble beginnings became steadily year by year more noteworthy, had both heavy difficulties and high rewards, both the rewards and the difficulties being revealed by three outstanding events.

By 1909 when the first of these events took place, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young had become well known to educational circles within her city and all over her country, but in this year she was to become known to all the public. She had gone steadily on from her grade teaching at seventeen to higher and higher responsibilities. She had been principal of one school after another. She had been district superintendent, she had spent a year studying the schools of Europe, she had been appointed by one governor after another as member of the State Board of Education, she had been four years a professor in Chicago University, another four years principal of the Normal School, within that time making it over from an unimportant institution to the illustrious Teachers' College of today. It was while she was in this position that her difficult honors of 1909 came to her, and partly to the surprise of the very people who gave them to her. The Board of Education of Chicago was certainly not expecting to elect a woman, for the first time in history, to the superintendency of a whole city's schools. But the politicians of the Board had quarrelled over this election until public opinion would

stand it no longer and demanded a superintendent and at once. The Board therefore summoned before it the six candidates, one of them a woman, whose name, as it happened, stood at the end of the alphabetical list. To this Board of weary gentlemen, exhausted by listening to five successive speakers, she talked for two hours. The Board listened, the Board liked her, the Board chose her, the first woman to be school superintendent of a great metropolis. But the action was not quite sincere. There were those who voted for Mrs. Young who thought she would never succeed, that after a year it would be an easy thing to oust her. Only, as it turned out, it wasn't.

When Mrs. Young took hold of her new position she found a School Board at odds with each other, at odds with the previous superintendent. She found 6000 teachers at odds with this superintendent who had been over their heads, and also with the Municipal Board of Education over his head. Under these unhappy circumstances the annual expenditure of twelve million dollars and the daily instruction of 290,000 children suffered. What Mrs. Young accomplished within a year is best told by the

event of June, 1910. This is what happened.

Six thousand teachers, whose utter devotion she had won, prepared a great ovation in the Auditorium Theatre, which on that night was so crowded that hundreds were turned away. Amid brilliant lights, to the blare of a great orchestra, 250 teachers from all over the city marched to the central dais, unwinding long bands of ribbon to prevent the spectators swarming upon the person who was to come. Following the teachers appeared 200 school-girls, holding long-stemmed American Beauty roses, which, stopping at a signal, they held arched over the aisle, down which stepped a tiny, quick-moving, gray-haired lady. At sight of her at first utter silence, then a burst from orchestra and audience, thousands of voices singing as one:

“When you heard our ‘city calling,  
Mrs. Young, Mrs. Young!  
When our hope was slowly falling,  
Mrs. Young, Mrs. Young!  
When our fate was poised anew,  
When for justice we would sue,  
Then our eyes were turned to you,  
Mrs. Young, Mrs. Young!”



In that same June, 1910, Mrs. Young received the highest honor the educators of all the country could give her. The National Education Association, the famous N. E. A., made her by a vote of two to one its first (but not its last) woman president. But still the troubles attending her high honors were to follow her down in the happenings of 1913. In spite of her great and continued success—or more probably because of it—in administering the public schools, her old enemies in the Board of Education, who had from the first hoped some day to oust her, began to hamper her work. They attempted to dictate the school-books to be used. Always as independent as she was quiet in her methods, Mrs. Young promptly resigned. Afraid of what a city that idolised her might think of them, the Board refused to accept the resignation offered in June. Objections, however, broke out anew in December, the date of re-election. While enough votes were mustered to re-establish her, the city superintendent was not sufficiently reassured. Again she resigned. At this juncture every woman in Chicago rose and rallied to her cause, teachers, mothers, club women,

social workers. A committee of women went to the mayor, other committees organised meetings. The newspapers helped with their championship of Mrs. Young's supporters who declared loudly and publicly that "a great wrong had been committed against the children, parents, teachers of Chicago; against the whole educational system of America; against a great woman." There could have been only one result. The resignation was not accepted. The great woman was re-established in her high position, more securely than ever. But though she had fought successfully the politicians of Chicago, she could not long continue to fight her own old age. The resignation that occurred in 1915 had perforce to be accepted both by the Board of Education and by the public. But her interest, her enthusiasm, her wide friendships did not cease with Mrs. Young's withdrawal, but lasted to her death in 1919, and even today continue to be part of the heritage she left, that half century of herself given to her city.

## VI

FRANCES PERKINS

### *The Girl Who Never Forgot*

EIGHT, nine, ten stories above the New York pavement girl workers filled the windows of a shirtwaist factory. In the Square below crowds surged—but the girls were not looking at the crowds, they were looking up—their hands raised in prayer. Of the girls in those flaming factory rooms 146 perished on that afternoon in Washington Place nearly two decades ago, perished because the city fire apparatus was powerless above the seventh story, because an exit door was locked, because fire escapes led to a walled-in court, because iron shutters falling blocked the fire escapes. In short, the young working women were the victims of avoidable fire hazards.

Across the old Square on that faraway afternoon a young woman stood at the window of her friend's luxurious apartment. Her tea cup

was still in her hand as she gazed at those flame-locked girls. The party given in her honor had not yet broken up. Frances Perkins, the scholarly girl sociologist, was looking with horror-widened eyes at a tragedy that might have been prevented—that might recur.

What did she do? She never forgot. The memory of that holocaust was forever burnt into her heart, into her sleep, and into her work.

Born in Boston, April 10, 1882, Frances had studied at Mount Holyoke, at the University of Pennsylvania, at Columbia. She was an active and educated idealist in sociology. At the time of the shirtwaist-factory fire she had been telling her friends of her work in forwarding a bill for reducing the hours of the working woman's week, a project of the Consumers' League. Frances Perkins had always been eager to make working conditions more endurable for the workers; she now sought to make the laborer's environment safe as well as sane.

What sort of a girl was this Frances Perkins who never forgot the martyred working girls of the factory fire? She was neat in appearance. She had a sense of fitness in dress. Her skirts were never quite so long nor so short, nor

so tight as the fashion of the day required. She usually wore a becoming tricorner hat under which her sympathetic eyes twinkled as she made a quick decision. A practical girl not afraid of work, that was the Frances Perkins who saw the factory fire. She was also experienced, having taught in Chicago, where she had come under the spell of Hull House and its inspired founder, Jane Addams.

Frances did not rush into the relief of existing conditions in industry with a sentimental reliance on the power of the muck rake. Although she was eager to grapple with actual industrial problems she spent three years studying economics before she attempted to make her world better. At the time of the shirtwaist factory fire she was already equipped to be a leader. As a result of the catastrophe the New York Committee on Public Safety was formed, and through this Committee a bill passed the New York legislature forming the Factory Investigating Commission. During all the necessary political preparations Frances Perkins was gathering all her forces for her work as a member of that factory reform movement. That work was to convince the rich pro-

ducer that the workers and especially the working women and girls were worth protecting. To the hurried march of money-makers Frances Perkins and her workers cried, "Halt!" Then she asked, "Why do you not take as good care of your employees as you do of your product?" The girl sociologist became an expert witness for the Factory Investigating Commission, as well as a competent organizer of its work. She found herself facing clever lawyers who were protecting large real estate interests. Their clients did not wish to have new buildings condemned on account of fire hazards.

One of the opposing lawyers on seeing Frances Perkins exclaimed with a ring of scorn in his voice, "That little girl an expert!" Later when he faced her in a hearing in the City Hall of New York he found he had a formidable foe in the quiet, shrewd, well-informed New England girl. She soon made it plain to her hearers that the building containing the burnt factory had really been rather better protected from fire than many of the other buildings housing New York industries.

Frances had climbed fire escapes herself in her investigations. Few buildings in the great

city had escaped the keen eyes and the remembering mind of the girl expert. She called the engineers in to testify. "And the wonderful thing about engineers," Frances says, "is that they don't know how to lie!"

Instead of delays and evasions the truth was told quickly and in great detail. The truth stirred the state to the making of fire prevention laws.

The methods of that first Factory Investigating Commission excite admiration and also bring a chuckle and a twinkle. Previously the leisurely factory inspector had travelled by local trains, also leisurely, and allowing plenty of time for news of his visitation to arrive before him. The new, unsalaried Commission travelled usually by automobile in order to surprise the industrial plants into allowing the investigators a sight of everyday working conditions. Take the matter of unprotected stairways, of locked exits and out-dated fire-fighting apparatus—nothing of this sort escaped the searching eyes of the brisk girl in the becoming tricorne.

In her travels through the Empire State Frances Perkins saw other industrial evils be-

sides mere fire risks. She saw little children employed in the canning factories. She never forgot the sight of worn women leaving a factory at dawn to do a day's work feeding a family after a night spent in feeding a noisy machine.

Due to the girl commissioner's interest and industry more laws were made protecting industrial workers. Then came the period when enforcement seemed more important than laws. To help the workers to help themselves, Frances Perkins joined the Labor Department of New York State. This position gave her a permanent voice in all the industrial problems of the great Empire State. Not only fire risks interested her, but dangers from machinery, from poisonous fumes, and from rock dust.

In 1929 Frances was appointed Labor Commissioner of New York State. A luncheon at which there were a thousand guests was given in New York to celebrate this election. After the feast the new commissioner made a speech in which she discussed her "job." At the opening of the talk she gave praise to the friends who had aided her in her investigations. Among these friends was Florence Kelly. Mrs.



Kelly's "Frances, you've got to do it!" had made things happen.

On that same evening Frances Perkins also gave warm appreciation to her husband, Paul Wilson, who had helped her in solving hard problems. Although Frances prefers to use her own girlhood name, she has a daughter of her very own who "has helped me by growing to girlhood without being a troublesome child."

Entering on her enlarged public duties, the new Commissioner asked, "And now what can I promise?"

"I promise to use the brains I have to meet problems with intelligence and courage.

"I promise I will be candid about what I know of the Labor Department or of the state of industry in this state and country.

"I promise to all of you who have a right to know, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so far as I can speak it."

And the people of the great Empire State know that the girl who never forgot the martyred factory girls will not fail to keep her pledge.

## VII

### GRACE ABBOTT

#### *Guardian of 43,000,000 Children*

EVERYONE has at some time had the care of little children. A day, an hour, even a few minutes, with small sisters and brothers or with the little ones of a neighbor is quite enough to convince the caretaker that child welfare workers are busy people. If one has to be constantly alert in dealing with children's needs even for a short time, what must it be to have constant charge of them? A few children take a great deal of energy; what must the task of caring for 43,000,000 of them be? This is what Miss Grace Abbott of the Children's Bureau in Washington does. She gives all her time to providing for the needs of all the children in the United States. She does not see personally all these youngsters, of course, but she has them all in her mind,—the little Indians on the windy Western reservations, the laughing

Southern pickaninnies, the rosy little farm youngsters and the pale city children. All of them need the Children's Bureau in Washington to watch over them, and the Children's Bureau needs Grace Abbott.

The Bureau is one of the divisions of the Department of Labor. It has a house to itself; not a fine large structure, but a crowded wooden building. The first house Miss Abbott used for her work burned down and with it went many valuable records. From the present home of her work Grace Abbott sends letters and bulletins all over the United States. In one month 50,000 copies of one of her bulletins were mailed to people who had requested to know what the Bureau had to tell about "Infant Care." There are files all about Miss Abbott's study; in the files are statistics and facts about children all over the world. The head of the Children's Bureau is always gathering information about children and using it to help other children. She sits at a big desk, a tall woman with dark hair brushed back from a keen face, and dark eyes that look straight into the tangles of laws and politics. Dealing with statistics and bulletins, however,

does not make Grace Abbott forget that she was once a child herself, a little girl whose parents were brave enough to travel to Grand Island, Nebraska, when summer grasshoppers and winter blizzards seemed to be about all that most people had known there. Grace learned to know much more about this land of sky and wind. On horseback she raced over the prairies and felt the whip of the tireless wind, raced until she felt that only the horizon itself could bring her to a stop. She made friends with the wind because in Grand Island the wind doesn't stop when a blizzard is over; it blows all the time, summer and winter; it blows all the foolishness out of life and leaves only elemental facts such as women like Grace Abbott must cope with.

Grace Abbott's father arrived in Grand Island in 1867. He was not in the least afraid of drought and sandy soil and grasshoppers—and he won in his fight with them. When Grace, his third child, was ready for college, the little hamlet of covered wagon days had grown to a bustling city with a college of its own where she graduated. Special study in political science at the University of Nebraska

followed, and then a master's degree was taken at the University of Chicago, still in the same favorite subject.

In 1909 Hull House opened its doors to the young student of political life. Her life there gave Grace Abbott first-hand experience with the workings of politics and of settlement houses. She was secretary of the Immigrants' Protective League. She lived with Jane Addams. Now no one has ever lived in Hull House without becoming bigger and better in every way. Hull House sets its seal upon souls and the soul of Grace Abbott responded to the needs of the little children she met in her work for newly arrived foreigners. The little strangers were very different from the sturdy, self-helpful Nebraska children Grace had known. The little Poles and Italians and Hungarians were frightened and unhappy in big, noisy Chicago. They did not know English; sometimes it almost seemed as if they did not know anything. Grace Abbott and others of the Immigrants' Protective League tried to make them and their mothers feel more at home in the new land.

After her busy life at Hull House had given

her the needed experience, Miss Abbott had the care of Illinois immigrants and later she cared for Massachusetts foreigners. In 1917 she began working for the Children's Bureau. Her first tasks were performed under the direction of other people. She is now herself the director and head of the Bureau, a position she fills most ably. She has been thought of for a still higher position, that of Secretary of Labor in the President's Cabinet, but most people really think that being a guardian of children is really the highest task any woman or girl can have.

In a recent article the New York Times Magazine says: "When the Children's Bureau began its work the 'best seller' among government pamphlets was the 'Care of the Horse.' Since then its three popular guide books, 'Prenatal Care,' 'Infant Care' and 'Child Care' have passed the 10,000,000 circulation mark. The ranks of gray pamphlets—hundreds of them—progress from such fundamentals as these to complex studies that concern mothers, teachers, doctors, managers of institutions, courts and lawyers, and city fathers."

Just now in the autumn of 1931 Uncle Sam's

children need Grace Abbott more than they have ever needed her. America has been suffering from a prolonged attack of business blues. Many people have had less and less money to spend until finally they have had to part with their homes and scatter their children until the coming of better times. Grace Abbott is trying to preserve these homes for the sake of the children in them. Long ago she saw that instead of taking poor children away from home and gathering them in public institutions, it is better to pension the mothers and let them care for their little ones in their own homes. Miss Abbott saw this truth long before the law-makers saw it. She says, "The only permanent and final way to elevate the condition of the child is to elevate the family. Whatever the family has, is passed on to the child. People love their children; whatever they have to give, they give to their children; and if we want the children to have more, we need only see that the parents have more. We can depend on them to distribute it."

The trouble is that nowadays so many parents have nothing, but Miss Abbott is not discouraged in her great work for the children of

America. She goes on making plans for better distribution of work for parents, so that there may be better homes for their children. She plans for better schools, better health, better everything; and knowing how many of Grace Abbott's plans have already come true, we know that those she is making now will some day be realized. Through her the 43,000,000 children of the United States will have what every one wants, a chance, or in true American wording—fair play.

But life isn't all work for Grace Abbott; she has her pleasures. She enjoys her long walks, she delights in her charming apartment furnished in shining old mahogany. She likes to read. She is, in fact, just as vividly alive now as she was when she raced and rode over the Nebraska plains. She looks like her pioneer father; she has his courage and his idealism. She does not have to drive a covered wagon into a new country, but she is moving ahead into the new land of social justice for children and for those who have the care of them. She will work quietly and she will encounter difficulties more serious than blizzards and droughts and grasshoppers. She will go on



year after year. And some day she will win, and all the children of our great country will be better for having had Grace Abbott for their friend.

## VIII

MARY ANDERSON

*The Woman's Bureau*

MANY girls know how to make their own clothes; very few know how to make their own shoes; fewer still can make shoes for other people. Mary Anderson, head of the Woman's Bureau in Washington, did just that,—for eighteen long years she worked in a shoe factory. Previously she had helped to make men's clothing, and before that she had worked in a cheerless kitchen. Hers was a very busy girlhood, a workaday, poverty-pressed existence, piled right on top of a delightfully picturesque childhood.

Mary's little girlhood began near the tiny city of Lidköping in Sweden in the year 1872, and it began on a farm. A jolly old farmhouse was Mary's first home, a house with six brothers and sisters in it and plenty of gay neighbors hurrying in and out. Mary was the youngest

of the family and consequently her tasks were not heavy though she was always ready to lend a hand with the churning or wood-carrying or whatever needed to be done. Still there was plenty of time for skating and for toboggan parties in winter, and in summer our American custom was reversed and school began. Mary Anderson delighted in her books and loved her teachers. She also enjoyed the summer trips to market with her father, trips which started in the gray dewy dawn in the bumpy old market cart all piled with clean, bright-colored vegetables.

Then there was the spinning wheel. Its humming filled a large part of the farmhouse life. Soon Mary learned to spin and weave wool for her own dresses. But the girl who later made shoes for other people did not learn to make her own clothes, because the custom of her native country was that the dressmaker, the tailor and the shoemaker should pay annual visits to the farmsteads, visits in which all the children delighted. These travelling workers brought news of the neighboring farms. They were quite ready to talk to the children as they worked. Small Mary must have received her

first knowledge of the parts of a shoe from some old and jolly shoemaker who joked while he sorted sole from side leather. Later she was to know the difference between factory work and farm work, but the memories of those happy farm days stayed with Mary to ease many a hard experience of her later life.

Besides the happy chatter of neighborhood happenings that Mary heard throughout her childhood, there was talk of the world outside, especially of a part of the world called America. Sometimes a letter found its way to her father's hands, a letter from a sister who had gone to America—and liked it. The whole family gathered while the letter was read; the children were quite breathless at the thought of the high wages their elder sister was receiving in the far-away land where money seemed to roll toward anyone who wished it, that is, anyone who was willing to work, and everyone in the Anderson family was energetic. Dreams began to form in Mary's head. She had finished school. There was nothing for her to do but to go into a neighbor's kitchen for low wages. How much better, she thought, to go to that far-away sister in America and do some

other sort of work and earn—well, she felt quite energetic enough to earn a fortune. Then there would be the delight of travelling further than the old market cart could carry her. Geography would come alive if she were brave and ventured forth into the world. Another sister shared Mary's ambition; the parents gave their consent to the trip, and when Mary was sixteen the farm cart stood outside the door not loaded with gay vegetables, but carrying two brave little sisters, their faces turned toward America and their passage money pinned inside their little bodices.

The ocean, Ellis Island, and then the long railroad journey to Ludington, Michigan, where the pioneer sister was working, all this travel was safely accomplished without a word of English being spoken by the two sisters. They were in a new country and a new language met them everywhere, but as yet they could not speak it. For this reason Mary's dream of escaping domestic service and busying herself with some more congenial employment vanished for a time. Circumstances forced her into an American kitchen. It was a drab life she lived, bent over a hot range with

only a tiny back bedroom to call her own. Her one free afternoon a week she spent with her sisters, and during any free minutes she had, she studied English in the newspapers and in every contact with her new life. She also studied the customs of her new environment.

When she was seventeen Mary had a chance to study the influence of machinery on American life. Her eldest sister married and went to a Chicago suburb to live. Mary followed her to West Pullman and found work in a garment factory. After a week devoted to trying to put men's clothing together, she found more congenial occupation in a shoe manufactory. For eighteen years she earned her living by stitching shoes. But she did not study shoes merely; she studied the girls who made them. She saw that unless they joined together for the betterment of working conditions, girls like herself would be little better than cogs in the wheels of the big machine called industry. She had mastered English, and she had much to say and she said it well. She urged the girls to think and to help each other, not toward idleness but toward better working ways. Mary was a leader as well as a worker, and after her

eighteen years of stitching she became a national organizer of the Women's Trade Union League. She never forgot her interest, however, in shoes, or rather in the girls who help to make them.

Of course, by this time, Mary Anderson had become a thorough American. She had taken a short course in English when in Chicago. She had taken a long course in citizenship while in the factories. She was intensely interested in her new country and its workers. She had worked in Chicago, Milwaukee, in Dixon, and in Lynn, Massachusetts. She knew the shoe industry in the East as well as in the West. She had always attended Labor meetings. She rose from the ranks to leadership well equipped with facts about workers and wages. She served faithfully as president of Local 94 of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union. In her work as a National Trade Union Organizer Mary had eight years of experience before the World War summoned her to a position of even greater responsibility. In her pre-War work Mary had organized the nurses and other women workers in the hospitals of Illinois. She gave the telephone girls in the South the

trade union idea. Her work took her often to Washington. When the War came she was asked to join the Woman in Industry division of the Council of National Defense. Her special work was the supervision of the laboring conditions of women munitions workers. Later she was appointed to be head of the Woman in Industry Service, out of which has grown the Woman's Bureau of the Labor Department of the United States. What Grace Abbott of the Children's Bureau does for the children of the country, Mary Anderson now does for its women in industry.

The little girl from the Swedish farm has taken her place beside the great leaders of America. She has mastered English, and she has mastered much more—the ideals of a new country. "Social justice for women who work," is the way Mary Anderson sums up these ideals in a sentence. "There are over eight and a half million women gainfully employed at present in the United States," Mary Anderson is quoted as saying in a recent interview, "our aim is to safeguard the interests of these women—we help to make their service effective for the national good."



“The national good,” that is the big ideal that is working in the big heart of Mary Anderson who first served America in a kitchen and who now serves her adopted country in the Washington Government.

## IX

MABEL CRATTY

*A Leader of Leaders*

WHEN we see the word leader, most of us instantly have a vision of a solitary figure advancing across some pathless waste or up some craggy mountain, followed by a company perhaps in mass formation, perhaps in straggling groups. But always we seem to see a brave and lonely form well ahead of all the others. But there might be another kind of leadership suggesting another kind of picture. The leader might choose not to march ahead but to remain in the very middle of the ranks—suggesting, encouraging, assisting, comforting, so clearly one with the rest that other people might not realize there was a leader there at all. Such a person might even succeed in so helping the others to perceive their own possibilities that in the end the whole company might go farther toward the goal than if led

by one who simply forged ahead without turning back to see if the rest were coming along, and were keeping in step. Such leadership, from within rather than from without, is like a central fire that warms and illuminates so simply that not everyone benefited by it stops to realize that the fire is there until they miss it.

Mabel Cratty was a leader who led not by going ahead, but by remaining at the centre. The Young Women's Christian Association is what it is to-day—a world-wide company of women all stepping forward with one purpose—because for some twenty-two years Mabel Cratty was at the heart of the movement. Her office was that of General Secretary of the National Board. She filled this office in such a way that it became like a glowing central fire with an influence that spread to the farthest reaches of the whole organization. Mabel Cratty's attitude toward her position was so humble and at the same time so responsible that probably she regarded herself as much more a follower than a leader—and she somehow taught the people who worked with her to feel that way about themselves, too. No one could come near Miss Cratty without catching, as

one fire is kindled by another, something of the steadfast, glowing spirit that burned like a flame within her fragile, dauntless body.

As everyone knows, the work of the Young Women's Christian Association is conducted by its secretaries, stationed as they are all over this country, and over the whole world as well. Miss Cratty was the secretary of the secretaries. Her words spoken to them, her letters written to them, her example set before them, reveal a leader who led not by going ahead but by keeping abreast of others. A devoted friend and close companion through many years has written a little book called *Mabel Cratty, Leader in the Art of Leadership*. Made up of the living memories of the many women associated with her, this book makes the woman in it alive for other people, too. Reading it, one can see how all who worked with her are still trying to keep burning the fire she kindled, the fire she was. And there's another thought: any of us in these days, if we're worth anything, may at any time from High School to our last breath, be called on to lead somebody somewhere, or perhaps to lead many people. It would be well for all of us to know something about a woman

who believed that all leadership should be through association, not through separation.

Mabel Cratty was born in Bellaire, Ohio, in 1868, the eldest of five children. She was of Scotch-Irish stock. Her mother's father, Matthew Thoburn, had come from the north of Ireland with his wife, driving across Pennsylvania to the home-to-be in Bellaire. When Mary Thoburn married Charles Cratty, their home was near the ancestral acres. The Cratty children grew up in a deeply religious atmosphere. The missionary zeal of their near relatives could not have failed to fire their imaginations. An uncle, James Thoburn, was bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India. Their aunt, Isabella Thoburn, was a missionary whose furloughs were a thrilling event in the domestic history. Though Mabel Cratty never saw the college in Lucknow which now bears this aunt's name, her vivid imagination could describe every picture on its walls. It was a gentle, beautiful family life, Mabel Cratty's. A cherished memory of her father was of his sympathy in helping her control the quick temper they both shared, a temper which seems to have left no later trace upon Miss

Cratty's serene spirit. There were in the home two background characters who had a lasting influence, the lame Grandmother Cratty, seated in her sunny window mending all the small hose, and comforting all the small troubles, and Aunt Liddy, the beloved negro nurse who had once been a runaway slave.

When Mabel Cratty was seventeen her father died, and she was called on to share all her mother's responsibilities during the period when she herself was meeting her own responsibilities at school and college. That the children might have better educational advantages, the family moved from Bellaire to Delaware, Ohio. Here in 1890 Mabel Cratty graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University with high honors. Much as she now longed to follow her aunt to India, she decided that she was too much needed at home to be a missionary and so became a teacher instead. She was principal of the High School in her own home town of Delaware from 1892 until in 1904 she turned from teaching to work in the Y. W. C. A. In 1906 the present Young Women's Christian Association came into being, as we now know it, being the union of two kindred

organizations that had long existed side by side. Of this united body of women, Miss Grace Dodge now became president, and Miss Cratty General Secretary. Out of the great friendship of these two women came a remarkable two-fold leadership, only ended by Miss Dodge's death in December 1914, and Miss Cratty's in February 1928.

Such is the very brief sketch of a very big life. But it is not by these meagre facts, nor even by her intense devotion to her family, her church, her village, that Mabel Cratty is best revealed. The way to know her is by listening to some of the things she said to other people or about them, and by some of the things other people said about her. But one must remember that it is not easy to describe a person who was like a clear burning flame quietly lighting and quietly cheering everybody near her. Nor is it easy to describe a leader who always walked close beside people instead of stepping on ahead. Those who knew her best remember her by little cosy mental photographs. In spite of her high public office Mabel Cratty was a most personal woman. Her friends can still see her, always dainty and exquisite, with her

softly curling hair ashine in the lamplight as she crochets innumerable little Christmas gifts. She had long slender hands that loved to sew, loved to launder beautiful laces, loved to wander over the piano keys in the evening, improvising. All these homey pictures her friends recall while, at the same time, they remember the keen pithy sayings that fell from her wise, humorous lips. They can still hear her say:

"Don't remember that for which you have been blamed for more than a day, nor that for which you have been praised more than fifteen minutes. Praise gives a fillip to a meal; but it is very poor food. Nothing is more dangerous than to acquire the habit of absorbing praise and feeding on our successes. Blame is a good deal the same way. We ought to get the juice out of it and then forget it."

It is no wonder that Mabel Cratty's life was so rich in friendships, when at fifty-three she could say, "All the friendships I am most dependent upon now I have made since I was thirty-five. The main thing, I think, is to make many rather than few, value them for what you can put into them rather than that for what you can get out of them."



Miss Cratty was a person who lived a high, victorious life in spite of a fragile body and in spite of personal sorrows, so that she had the right to say to a friend in grief, "Go through the days, if you can, taste what they bring of pain; the way is through, not around."

When Miss Cratty's leadership carried her on into what she called the Undiscovered Country, some of those to whom she left her work tried to put into words what their lost leader had meant to them.

One friend writes a wonderful summary of her character in a few lines, "Although she carried responsibilities equalled by those of only a few other women of her time, she was so essentially a human being that the adjective 'simple' has been used to describe her more often than any other, save perhaps 'serene'."

Miss Cratty was on many an important committee that is helping to shape the world's history. A member of one such committee said of her, "She was a statesman. But we took her for granted. We know now that no member of our group could be more missed."

Miss Cratty was a leader who led by making other people believe in themselves rather

than merely believing in her. Hers was the kind of leadership that could make a visiting lecturer say to her of the Young Women's Christian Association, "What I like about your show is that the woman who is the head of it is one who stays in the background and thinks."

## X

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

### *Crusader*

BACK in the sixties of the last century there was a solitary little girl on a big old Iowa farm, who was doing a great deal of thinking while she played about with her dog. Little Carrie Lane had clear blue eyes that wished to see everything and to see through everything, then as now. With her grace and her blowing blonde hair she was very charming to look at, but there were a great many other things that interested her more than her appearance or her charm, then as now. At five—a quaint little figure in a long wide-skirted dress—she had insisted on going to school. In those first school days something happened that was to influence all her life. This something was hoop-skirt, not her own but a little classmate's. As the class stood arow before the teacher, suddenly down fell the hoop-skirt. Its owner burst into tears, while the little boys burst into giggles.

Then as now Carrie Lane was a person always to do something about it when girl or woman is laughed at by boy or man. She waited until school was out, then pulled her weepy little friend abreast of the giggliest boy, and herself made right at his grin the very ugliest grimace she could manage! To-day, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, silver-haired in her first seventies, looks back at the incident and sees it as a prophecy of her future, for then and there she became a crusader, then and there she became, to remain until now, a champion of her sex.

Leaders are often led in strange ways to their leadership. Born in 1859, Carrie Lane was still on the nearer side of ten when most unexpectedly to herself, for she had always been a most practical person, she heard a voice out of the air. She was all alone with her dog in a far-away lane. She was in the habit of telling stories to this dog, stories of famous heroic men and women, for she was an amazing reader, loving all the history she could lay her hands on. Now straight out of nowhere she heard words, addressed to her, "You, too, are going to be called upon to do a great work in the world. But when the time comes you will not

be ready. You do not study hard enough, or work hard enough." Wherever that voice came from, out of the sky or out of her own busy little brain and lively conscience, the girl who heard those last words never forgot them. Though she is still leading people along ever-new brave paths, she has never been self-confident, always she has studied, always she has worked.

Carrie Lane followed the same educational course that many a farm-dwelling girl has taken, District School first, then High School, then a State College, working her way, every step, stopping to teach when that became necessary, as it did for two years when, at sixteen, she graduated from High School. At eighteen she entered Iowa State College as a sophomore. Dish-washing at nine cents an hour, and library work at ten cents an hour, did not dampen her enthusiasm for study or for student activities. She was prominent in debates and found time, as a side-line, to go into Herbert Spencer's philosophy ardently and extensively, so that she can still quote him at length in her speeches made to-day. Graduating in 1880 at twenty-one she announced her intention to

become a lawyer. This was an unheard-of adventure for a girl of that decade, but in spite of popular prejudice and her father's opposition, Carrie Lane stuck to her chosen profession, earning the money by being Principal of Schools in Mason City from 1881 to 1884. She had just completed her law studies when, in January, 1885, she married Leo Chapman, editor of the Mason City Republican. Full of enthusiasm for the opportunities of the far West, the young husband sold his paper, and in April 1886, he set forth to San Francisco, hoping to start another there, and then to send for his wife. But the venture was doomed almost before it began. In August, Leo Chapman became ill with typhoid fever and died before his wife could reach him. At twenty-seven, after only a year and a half of married life, Carrie Lane Chapman found herself a widow and penniless in a strange city two thousand miles from home.

At that time women were not used to going into business, nor were men used to meeting women in their offices. And Mrs. Chapman was very pretty. She undertook at once a general utility position on a trade paper. This

position carried her everywhere seeking advertisements. Not all the men she met realized that she was courageous and grief-stricken and determined to earn her own brave living. The treatment she received sometimes brought back her emotions of the time of the hoop-skirt, but did not permit her the same outlet. After some months of hard experience she gave up all effort to break into the business world, but withdrew resolved to devote her life to making other women's lot there easier. She herself now turned to lecturing. Beginning by speaking at Teachers' Institutes, she became quickly more and more in demand. Her favorite subject was woman's contribution to all civilization. She has always been a most gifted and persuasive speaker. It was not long before the suffrage movement attracted her attention, nor long before her ability attracted the attention of the suffrage movement.

Within the decade during which women have had the vote, too many of us have forgotten the women who spent decades fighting to get it for us. Of these early crusaders Mrs. Catt was one of the bravest and most untiring. She has been called "the brains of the suffrage

movement, as Lucy Stone was its conscience, Miss Anthony its heart, Mrs. Stanton its attorney, Miss Shaw its orator." In 1885, the year when Mrs. Chapman first became interested in suffrage, she was much younger than the other leaders, but these others at once recognised her ability, and were glad to give her opportunity. After her husband's death, Carrie Lane Chapman needed a great Cause to enlist all her energy. If there had not been such a Cause all ready for her crusading, she would probably have made one for herself, for she is still making new causes for herself to champion.

Mrs. Catt is a fighter, but a serene one. She does not fly at people's throats, she is not ashamed of tact. She has a sense of humor and uses it. At the time when suffragists were viewed as a lot of wild-haired lunatics, she was careful to dress most charmingly, and to speak so logically that a man once said, after hearing her, "There isn't a man in Christendom that can answer the arguments of these women, but I'd rather see my wife dead in her coffin than going to vote." There is no male living who would speak those last words to-day, and the chief rea-



son he would not, is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, and her forty years' work for suffrage. From the year 1880, when she organized Iowa to work for the woman's vote, to the year 1920, when enfranchisement for women became the law of the land, Carrie Chapman Catt never ceased travelling, speaking, organising until there was not a state in the Union that did not know her. Nor has she stopped with winning women's rights only in her own country. Kings and prime ministers across the water have listened to her arguments, but best of all, women themselves have listened to her. More than any other one woman Mrs. Catt has succeeded in making women believe in themselves. In 1900 the women of her own land made her president of the National Association, in 1904 women of all lands made her president of the International Woman Suffrage Association. Resigning her American position to take this other, she held it for twenty years. In 1904 when she assumed office there were only five nations with suffrage societies, in 1924, when she retired, there were thirty-two such nations, and twenty-eight countries had given the vote to women.

Mrs. Catt is a leader who, as soon as she reaches one goal, sees another beyond, beckoning. As soon as her country-women had perceived the franchise, she perceived that the vote meant more than a privilege, it meant responsibilities, and about these responsibilities women as a whole knew very little. They needed to learn what effect their ballot would have on city and country and national government. Here was opportunity for a new Cause. Mrs. Catt made one, and set in motion its organization. Now that women had the vote, the next thing was that they should educate themselves to use it. Thus, out of Mrs. Catt's gift of foresight, plus her gift for organization, there came into being that widespread association named the League of Women Voters, whose chief purpose is information.

During her forty years of suffrage service, there were, of course, other interests, other events in Carrie Lane Chapman's life. In 1890 she married George Catt, a civil engineer and a former Iowa classmate. Their happy comradeship was ended in 1905, and the shock of his death caused a break-down so alarming that the doctor said her own life now depended

on a two-years rest. Mr. Catt's death was followed by the added sorrow of losing her mother in 1907. In spite of illness, however, Mrs. Catt was not one to remain inactive. She began to see something new to do for suffrage. Up to this time suffrage had been a movement and a hope, but it had not been a political party, modelled on the lines of the other two parties. There were still to be eleven years of struggle before the Nineteenth Amendment became, in 1920, an accomplished fact, but there might have been many more than eleven years intervening if, in 1909, Mrs. Catt had not established a model organization, to be later copied all over the country—the Woman Suffrage Party in the City of New York.

Mrs. Catt has been a leader in the suffrage cause, and in others, notably, Prohibition: she conceived and established the League of Women Voters: but these things have not been enough. To-day she has become a pioneer for world peace. A trip around the world in 1911 gave her new vision of what might happen if all the nations should pool their ideas and cooperate to win them. The World War gave her an even clearer vision of what might

happen if the nations should refuse to do this, and instead arm to annihilate each other. There must be a way to stop war, Mrs. Catt believes, and this way women must find. Convinced both of her own responsibilities to all women, and of all women's responsibilities to the world, Mrs. Catt, in the year 1924, wrote letters to the heads of various great organizations of women, asking these chosen representatives to meet with her in order that together they might consider ways to win the war against war. The result of this meeting was a conference with delegates from eleven great associations meeting in Washington, first in 1925, and in every January since then. The annual conference is not all—the activities of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War reach into every month of the year and into every state of the U. S. A. Always a practical person, Mrs. Catt believes that if you can find the cause of a disease, you can find a cure. The discussions of experts, that now take place each January, are known all over the world, the suggestions for help that are made there are stirring women everywhere. This very summer of 1931 the Committee on the Cause and Cure

of War is back of millions of women who are signing their names to petitions to be placed before their statesmen at the Disarmament Conference next February. And back of these millions of women, all determined to abolish war is one woman, most determined of them all, a frail valiant woman, blue-eyed, silver-haired, and seventy-two.

What her country thinks of Mrs. Catt is revealed by the fact that in 1930 the Pictorial Review bestowed on her its annual "Achievement Award" of \$5,000, a prize given to the woman considered to have made in the previous year the most outstanding contribution to American life. For forty years Mrs. Catt has been leading Causes. She has fought one crusade after another, successfully and at the same time serenely. Perhaps one secret of that serenity is that she is still, at heart, the little dreaming girl of that old Iowa farm. An hour from the centre of her activities in New York she has a sunny quiet house and a home-acre made into semblance of a farm. There she cultivates her flowers to perfection, there she makes the jellies any housekeeper might envy. There, from her green-framed windows, she gazes into

the future and sees the far goal she is leading the women of the world to win, the goal of peace for all nations.

## XI

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

*Faithful to the Finish*

WHICH do you like better, vacations or work? Do you want Christmas every day in the year, or have you a favorite study that lifts you out of every day into new worlds? Just how you feel about these questions will decide several chapters, if not the whole book, of your life. Rest is necessary and delightful, but the worthwhile people of the past have merely used it as a means to an end, the end of more useful work. Think it out for yourself. Don't let anyone else do your thinking for you. Answer the questions—WHAT DO I WANT TO DO? WHAT DO I WANT TO BE?

The Reverend Anna Garlin Spencer answered these questions early in life and when she died at the age of seventy-nine years, she was still faithful to her first decisions. She considered herself fortunate to continue her chosen work until within two days of her death.

A little wisp of a woman, whom a friend has described as "no bigger than a half-pint of cider," she was able to do great things. Usually she wore a gray dress, but she herself was full of life and color. Her beautiful voice was not monotonous, for it ranged from the high tones of the platform lecturer to the low tones of the sympathetic minister. It was controlled, yet charged with emotion and life. Anna Garlin Spencer needed her voice, she needed her energy for through her own efforts she became a writer, a preacher, a platform lecturer, a social worker, a teacher, a suffrage enthusiast, a world peace worker, and many other things; she did everything well because she found work more interesting than play.

Born in Attleboro, Massachusetts, April 17, 1851, Anna Garlin studied in private schools until at the age of nineteen she entered newspaper work, having the good fortune to secure employment with the Providence, Rhode Island, Journal. But reporting was not enough for energetic Anna; she also lectured on social problems and sometimes she preached. In the year 1878 she married the Reverend William H. Spencer and proved very helpful to him in



his work at Haverhill and at Florence, Massachusetts, and later at Troy, New York. Anna became so deeply interested in the ministry that she herself was ordained and installed as a minister in the Bell Street Chapel, Providence, Rhode Island, in the year 1891.

But this was by no means the end of Anna's working plans. The list of her achievements, printed in a New York newspaper the day following her death, is amazing in its scope; "She was associate leader of the New York Society for Ethical Culture from 1903 to 1909; associate director and staff lecturer of the New York School of Philanthropy 1903—1913; a special lecturer on social services and social aspects of education at the University of Wisconsin, 1908 to 1911; director of the summer school of ethics for the American Ethical Union, 1908 to 1911; director of the Institute of Municipal and Social Service, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1910 and 1911; Hackley professor of Sociology and Ethics in the Theological School, Meadville, Pennsylvania, 1913 to 1918. She also lectured at the University of Chicago in 1918. Afterward she was connected with Teachers' College, New York."

These dates and facts must be filled out in the imagination of each reader if Anna Spencer is to be intimately known; and she was intimately known by many people. The statistics of her life may seem dry and over-scholarly but the real woman was not. A student in the New York School of Social Work has described the associate director, Anna Spencer. She was not one to direct her students merely to books, she sent them to life for their instruction in the conditions under which the poor of a great city live. Those afternoons in jails and poorhouses are unforgotten. The dreadful place where the City of New York then cared for its feeble-minded children amid a swarm of flies had no terrors for Anna; when her pupils became discouraged she told them what the work meant to her and they soon regained their enthusiasm. Her interests were not limited to the poor; they seemed to embrace the whole mass of humanity; everyone indeed whose life touched Anna Spencer's was the better for her interest, her advice.

Her work was vast and it did not lack appreciation. On her seventy-fifth birthday a dinner was given at the Hotel Astor, New York.

Speeches were made and a purse of three thousand dollars was presented. The aging enthusiast was not, however, ready to allow increasing birthdays to keep her from her chosen work. She continued to plan more work for herself and her associates. One of the projects unfinished at the time of her death was the arrangement of an exhibit at the World's Fair to be held in Chicago in 1932, the exhibit to show the advancement of womankind through the centuries. Friends of Mrs. Spencer will now carry on this work. It is interesting to remember that at the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in 1893, Dr. Spencer had charge of a similar exhibit.

The body of Anna Garlin Spencer was buried at Swan Point Cemetery, Providence, Rhode Island. Her spirit can never be buried. Besides her beautiful funeral a memorial meeting was held for her shortly after her death in New York City. One hundred representatives of organizations that had known Anna Spencer as an official worker gathered together in the meeting house of the Ethical Culture Society, 2 West Sixty-fourth Street. Mrs. Frances P. Parke, past president of the National Council

of Women of the United States, presided.

The meeting was opened with a hymn written by Dr. Spencer, "Hail the Hero Workers." Speeches of appreciation were made by Dr. Benjamin Andrews of Teachers College, Columbia University, and Dr. James A. Fairley, Pastor of the White Plains Community Church. Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott also spoke and Dr. Valeria H. Parker. The spirit of Anna Spencer seemed very near her followers; they felt the call to continue the great work of the woman who, as a girl, had chosen to be useful and to find her joy in serving humanity.

It is difficult to decide in which of her many fields of effort Anna Garlin Spencer was most distinguished; perhaps she is best known and remembered by the short democratic word WORKER. She proved for herself and for others that while *play* is a pleasant word, it is WORK that best bears the tests of time.

## XII

### MOTHER SETON

#### *Pioneer*

CERTAIN paragraphs appearing in the papers this July of 1931 have set some of us searching our schoolroom memories for a half-forgotten name. Mother Seton? Yes, we studied about her once in our American history, but what was it she did? A woman must have done something, must have been something, if more than a hundred years after her death fifty pilgrims from all over the world should today gather in Rome in order to beg the Pope's assistance toward making this woman a saint. On July 22 of this year 1931, this pilgrim delegation laid before the Pope twenty-nine volumes, containing 150,000 signatures supporting their request. A priest from far-off Iowa spoke in the Papal audience chamber, pleading one by one the reasons for Mother Seton's sainthood.

Now people are not easily made saints, with

their names revered in churches, and their days sacred in the church calendar. The process of their selection, the painstaking examination into the history of their lives, and into the fitness of their characters, has been known in some instances to take several centuries. It is now thirty years since the movement was begun to have the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Bayley Seton made that of a saint. The present revived interest in her story sends a reader back to old records and old documents to discover there a personality so vivid and so varied that no one would want to miss Mother Seton's acquaintance. One wishes to know something about that actual, historic woman who, if she is canonized, will become the first American saint. One recalls that it is not only her own church that is trying to keep her memory alive because of her beautiful life, but that she has still another right to our attention. A bronze tablet in the Hall of Fame at New York University reminds the public that Mother Seton was an accomplished writer, one of her country's first woman-writers, leaving volumes of journals and correspondence valuable not only to literature but to history.

To go back to find Elizabeth Bayley Seton in the journals she has written about herself and in the books other people have written about her, is to come upon two women who seem at first as different as the two portraits, one of a girl with the flowing, ribbon-bound curls and short-waisted dress of the 1790's, and the other a woman whose fine, delicate face is set in a close nun-like bonnet. But the high-hearted, high-spirited girl with curls tumbling over her shoulders, and the worn, saddened woman in the nun's bonnet had certain underlying qualities of energy and sympathy and splendid courage that made them one, as the story of that unforgotten life will show.

Elizabeth Ann Bayley was born in 1774 in New York. Her family was well-to-do, prominent in society, and Protestant in faith. Her mother was the daughter of an Episcopal minister of Staten Island. Her father, Dr. Richard Bayley, was professor of Anatomy in that historic institution which was first called King's College, and later called Columbia. After the Revolution, Dr. Bayley was made the first Director General of the New York Health Department. In this office he estab-

lished the first quarantine laws for all incoming ships.

Her mother died when the small girl was only three, but when the father remarried a few years later, little Elizabeth Ann became, and always remained, very fond of her stepmother. This stepmother was a most earnest High Church Episcopalian, and the early, and lasting, effect of her faith and practices upon a sensitive and deeply religious young girl can be clearly traced. The chief influence, however, upon the growing child, was her father's. The two were the closest of comrades. Elizabeth Bayley's education was chiefly the product of reading with her father. He himself, though born in Connecticut, had been educated in England and passed on to his daughter not only the knowledge but the mental habits he had learned in English universities. From her father, too, Elizabeth must have acquired her unswerving courage, and her devotion to duty, even unto death.

Elizabeth Bayley's life was that of the usual New York society girl of that early period. In 1794 she married William Magee Seton, a member, like herself, of a prominent family.



The father of William Seton was head of a prosperous shipping firm. One of the sisters, Rebecca, the young wife came to love so deeply that she called her, "the friend of my soul." The two young women were so interested in visiting and helping the poor of their city that they became known as the Protestant Sisters of Mercy. In the nine years that followed their marriage five children were born to the Setons, but the young mother's interests were not restricted to her home. On one occasion, during one of New York's periodical visitations of yellow fever, she appeared at her father's improvised quarantine hospital, and offered to nurse the sick children just removed from a vessel. Her father, however, sent her quickly back to her own babies. The happiness and prosperity of her early married life were soon to end because of the disturbed conditions of commerce due to the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. The swift ruin of his shipping business resulted in the elder Seton's death. William Seton and his wife now had all the responsibility both of the father's family and of their own. The Setons were prone to tuberculosis, and those were days when too

little was known either about detecting or curing this disease, and when practically nothing was known about safeguards against any disease. It is to these terrible facts of ignorance that the two great sorrows of Elizabeth Seton's life were due.

Refusing his daughter's care for the sick children in his charge, Dr. Bayley himself stayed by his little patients, although he knew them hopelessly ill. He himself caught the dreaded yellow fever from them, and died of it in 1801. Elizabeth's grief for him was followed by new anxiety over her young husband's health. Business worry increased his illness, and in 1803 the pair, taking with them their eldest child Anna, aged eight, set out by the doctor's orders on a long sea voyage. Their chosen destination was Leghorn, the home city of the Filicchi brothers, Italian correspondents of the Seton firm. The warm sea breezes of the Mediterranean were so beneficial that the little group of three arrived in Leghorn in high spirits—only to be met by such weeks of harshness and deprivation and suffering, as seem almost unbelievable as Elizabeth's vivid pen records them.

The Italian authorities were afraid of New York's yellow fever, and recognized no difference between this disease and tuberculosis. The detention spot for the sick arriving from other ports was not a hospital but the terrible Lazaretto prison. A cold, narrow, grated cell, oozing damp, received the little family. No one was allowed to see them. Their food was pushed to them through a grating. There the invalid lay coughing away his life on a straw mattress in the corner. And there, in these torturing conditions, the soul of Elizabeth Seton came into its own. She had always been both deeply religious and, at the same time, outgoing in all her sympathies and activities. She was now not overcome, instead she prayed with such conviction as she had never known before. A sense of God's presence and his love came to her now with a new overwhelming realization. While she nursed and tended her husband ceaselessly, her letters of the time reveal the ecstasy of her faith, as it supported him in all his suffering. The efforts of the Filicchi brothers at last secured the release of the three just before Christmas, 1803. They were driven to Pisa for the one week that remained of Wil-

liam Seton's life. After his death the Filicchis took the widow and little girl into their own home, caring for them until their return to New York in June, 1804. Antonio Filicchi accompanied them on the voyage and remained always their devoted friend.

But there were to be new and unforeseen trials in Elizabeth Seton's life. She and her little family were almost penniless and in those early days it was almost impossible for a woman to earn money. In addition to those hard facts, the young widow, after watching its manifestation in the kindly Italian home of the Filicchis, was steadily turning to the Catholic creed, and was admitted to this church in 1805. In that first decade of the nineteenth century religious prejudice in New York was so strong that a mob attacked the first Catholic church built there, St. Peter's in Barclay Street. The Setons were so outraged that a woman bearing their name should become a convert that they almost secured her deportation, and refused to help in the children's support. Nevertheless, later, two of the Seton sisters, Harriett and Cecilia, became Catholics. Desperate to find a means of livelihood, handi-

capped by her unpopular religion, Elizabeth Seton, still only thirty and with five little children dependent on her, turned to teaching, but could find few pupils. She was now advised to try the more liberal city of Baltimore. Her little boys were placed through Catholic friends in Georgetown College; and with her little girls Mrs. Seton embarked on a sailing vessel, arriving in Baltimore in June 1809—to begin there that period of her life which has caused her name to be considered worthy of sainthood.

Under the hardships her faith had brought her in New York, Mrs. Seton's religion had only deepened and intensified, and her purpose to devote herself to some form of service to others had become more determined. Though the school for girls she conducted for three years in Baltimore was successful, she was not satisfied. It was to poor children, not rich ones that she longed to minister. The opportunity came to her in the gift of Mr. Cooper, the sum of \$10,000 to found a home for destitute children. Almost spontaneously people who passed her on the street had begun to call the woman who always wore a widow's dress, nun-like in

its severity, "Mother Seton." The site chosen for the school was still untamed wilderness, a piece of woodland two miles from the little Catholic theological seminary that had been built at the little Maryland village of Emmitsburg, in the Blue Ridge mountains, some fifty miles from Baltimore.

It was in this year, 1809, that Mother Seton entered on that period of her life which reveals her not only as a profoundly religious woman, but as a brave pioneer under actual first settler conditions, for which nothing in her affluent girlhood could have prepared her. The sisterhood she was to establish was born in the wilderness. Its beginning was a fifty-mile tramp from Baltimore with the little group of children and of devoted women wearing unobtrusive nun's dress, that Mother Seton had drawn about her. That two-days' trek in the spring ended in a one-room log house where later the little band endured the harsh winter during which the new school building was being built; Mother Seton's high courage, Mother Seton's high faith, inspired them all. The chief articles of their diet were carrot coffee, salt pork and buttermilk. They thought nothing of

trudging through the snow at four o'clock in the morning to offer their devotions in the seminary chapel, two miles distant, until nine. One cannot read Mother Seton's own account of those early days and not thrill in response to her own bravery and devotion. She was a woman of force and practicality as well as pity. As the school grew she added paying pupils to the poorer ones. The little community prospered, but its spirit remained always, like her own, other-worldly. It was inevitable that out of a faith like Mother Seton's should come the beginnings of great movements spreading through her church to-day.

Probably deeply earnest people do not guess how far the movements they start so humbly are destined to extend down through history. And Mother Seton herself during her great years of service from 1809 to her death in 1821, must have been heavily preoccupied with her own sorrows. Her two sisters-in-law, Harriett and Cecilia, had joined her at the start in 1809, but both were already in fragile health. Within a few months Harriett was dead, and in 1810 Cecilia followed her. Mother Seton's own daughters, young novices of the sisterhood,

died, Anna in 1812, Rebecca in 1815, still girls in their teens.

Mother Seton's chief claim to fame is that in that little community of nuns in the forest she first established in the United States the great nursing sisterhood founded in France in the seventeenth century, the Sisters of Charity. Nuns and children together there were only a score with Mother Seton when she led that lonely intrepid march from Baltimore to the log-house in the wilderness, fifty cross-country miles away. To-day, scattered all over the country, more than ten thousand Sisters of Charity reverence her example.

When in this July, 1931, Father Code of Davenport, Iowa, addressed the Pope, giving reasons why a band of present-day pilgrims had come asking that Mother Seton be made a saint, he mentioned one by one those humble beginnings that from that tiny intrepid community in the wilderness were to grow into great activities. Mother Seton, Father Code said, opened the first free school for Catholic children, and so began the system of parochial schools. She sent her Sisters of Charity to found the first Catholic orphanages. She sent other sisters to



establish the first Catholic hospital. We who desire to be informed both as to the movements of to-day, and to have acquaintance with great characters in our past history, may well remember Father Code's words, summing up the reasons why the Catholic Church in this country is desirous that Elizabeth Ann Seton be made a saint—"Mother Seton inaugurated practically every work of Catholic social welfare in the United States."

### XIII

#### MARGARET BONDFIELD

##### *"Our Maggie"*

WHEN newspapers and periodicals begin to call a woman "our," it means something. It means a very great deal in the case of "Our Maggie," the Honorable Margaret Grace Bondfield, minister of Labor in the first MacDonald government of Great Britain. The first people to call Margaret Bondfield "Our Maggie" were her parents and her ten brothers and sisters away off in Somerset, England, some fifty-odd years ago. In those days as now Margaret met the world with twinkling dark eyes and a ready smile.

It wasn't a smiling world, that England of "Our Maggie's" little girlhood. Her father was a lace maker and such an industry does not supply its workers' families with luxury. There were not even enough necessities to "go around" in the Bondfield family. In spite of

poverty Margaret managed to go to school. She was eight when she made her first public speech—at a Sunday-school tea.

“I must have been a funny little object, with a shock of black hair, dressed in a brown stuff frock far too long,” Miss Bondfield says, “I recited ‘The Inventor’s Wife,’ which began:

“ ‘They talk about the patience of Job;

He hadn’t got nothing to try him.

If he’d been married to Bijah Brown

Folks wouldn’t have dared to come nigh  
him.’ ”

The little speaker’s success was instantaneous and she had to give an encore. As “Our Maggie” grew a little older her love for books increased, but she was never a one-sided book-worm. Outside sports rivalled study in the heart of the serious little brown-eyed English girl. She used her meagre opportunities so well that at thirteen she became the supply teacher of a class of boys in her home town public school. But she was not to take up teaching as a career. Pressure of poverty in the home caused Margaret’s mother to apprentice her

at fourteen to a clothing firm in London. It was a cramped life little Maggie lived, in the busy city. Her working hours were from seven-thirty in the morning to eight in the evening with a half-holiday a week, which was more than offset by two late nights when she worked until ten or eleven o'clock. Her pay was about a hundred and twenty-five dollars a year and part of it was given her in board and lodging; such unappetizing meals, and such a dull crowded lodging room as Maggie had, would have discouraged many a girl but Maggie was determined to conquer her surroundings. One weekly arrangement was particularly distasteful to her; she could only have a hot bath once a week and her only opportunity for that was at the public bathhouse three-quarters of a mile distant. Saturday ~~was~~ one of the late nights, so picture little Margaret after a weary week racing at breakneck speed to reach the bathhouse before its midnight closing. She only had fifteen minutes of precious hot water and soaping and then back to the lodging house again to begin another week just like the last. No, not quite like the last, for each week Margaret Bondfield studied the working conditions

and the working girls that surrounded her. She was ten years "behind the counter," but those years, each one of them, marked a period in her mental growth. She had come to know the union and its aims for the betterment of the worker. Trade unions had, up to the time Margaret knew them, been organizations for the workman; she organized a branch for women and girls. She was always a leader; women and girls were eager to follow her, even men recognized her power. When she was twenty-three she was elected a member of the district council of the London branch of the union. She wrote very intelligently for *The Shop Assistant*, a labor paper.

Year by year "Our Maggie" has held more and more important positions in labor union work. She has become more and more deeply interested in shorter shop hours, trade boards and national health and hygiene. She was still in her twenties when, at the memorable Trade Union Congress at Plymouth in 1899, she spoke in favor of the Labor Party. Nearly twenty-five years later, again at Plymouth at the same sort of a Congress, she was elected the first woman chairman of the General Council and

thus became the leader of eight million working women and men. Her speech of acknowledgment was characteristic; "You men have shown that labor believes in the equality of women."

Margaret Bondfield went up and up until she became the first woman to have a place in the British Cabinet. It proved a very busy place indeed. Soon after she took office she was faced with the crisis of the Lancashire textile strike. And soft-voiced, quiet-mannered Margaret Bondfield can settle strikes because she has been a worker herself and knows how strikers feel. She has never forgotten the long hours and the overwork of her girlhood; but for that matter her present hours are long, and she is apt to overwork in a good cause. She arranges every hour of her day to cover her many engagements, her letters, her interviews; she plans for everything but the claims of Society with a large S; for that she has little time. Yet "Our Maggie" is no dull drudge. She has been known to find a free afternoon to give an official tea at famous Montagu House, once a duke's residence and later used as the headquarters of Labor. At the famous tea

Miss Bondfield wished all the members of the Labor Ministry to know each other and each other's families. To avoid mistakes in identity each person wore his or her printed name. After sufficient time had passed for the guests to meet, Miss Bondfield mounted a chair and named the various subjects to be discussed. She also named the people present who possessed the most up-to-date information on the given topics.

The problem of unemployment looms big at any gathering where "Our Maggie" is present. She is a worker for workers always. Employment for the jobless, food for their families, permanent remedies for present industrial evils—all these questions take up the time and the busy brain of the woman labor leader. Back of the force that Margaret Bondfield throws into her life work is her great religious faith, her feeling that somehow, some day, somewhere, Christianity will rule this troubled world. Margaret's friend, the great preacher, Maude Royden, is a strong influence in her life. Miss Royden has published in her own periodical a part of a speech made by Margaret Bondfield on the two old subjects, politics and

religion. "I cannot understand," Miss Bondfield is quoted as saying, "how any body of Christians can separate the two things, how they can divide politics from religion. The corporate expression of conversion must work itself out in our political system—the reign of God on earth, if we are to understand the implications of Christ's own words must be an all-embracing democracy. We have got to realize that Christianity must be the motive power of the politics of the twentieth century, that it is only through a realization of the message of Christ that we are going to get the reign of God established.

"Behind this great evolution of society there is this gigantic spiritual force, stronger than all the material forces and yet working through material things, working through the conquest of coal, of iron, of steel, of the air and of the sea, working through these wonderful inventions of the twentieth century."

And the woman who has given voice to these great thoughts was once a tired little "counter jumper" in old London. She is not now a woman who stops to think of her own greatness. In appearance Margaret Bondfield is pretty



and plump and well-groomed, without giving clothes too much importance in her life. Her hands and feet are small and dainty, her general appearance is distinctly pleasing and does not, in the least, suggest militant politics. Indeed she is against violence. She controls herself and expects other people to control themselves, strikers included. Her advice, given to a group of trade-union women in New York, is worth remembering: "Go slowly. Take the time needed to carry the mass with you. There is no good of leaders without followers. When the advance gets too far ahead, stop, and wait to bring up the rank and file."

With ideals like these and a woman like Margaret Bondfield to express them, what wonder is it that the women and girls of England follow "Our Maggie" to greater and greater industrial victories?

## XIV

### CLARA BARTON

#### *Organizer and Nurse*

NOWADAYS many nurses work in eight-hour shifts; all of them have hours off and hours on. Usually a "case" takes a week or a month of care. It is a very unusual nurse who stays with her patient a year; yet Clara Barton kept her first case two years, and her patient was her brother, and she herself was only eleven years old when she took charge. David Barton was nervous and discouraged, unused to being ill. Little Clara, however, would not give up her task. When she at last brought her patient to health she was quite worn out herself. The Barton family always thought that the long period of nursing stopped Clara's growth; but perhaps under any circumstances she would never have grown beyond her five feet of height. Fortunately her brown eyes grew big and her brown hair grew thick; not quite so

fortunately her mouth and nose also grew. Yet Clara, or Clarissa Harlowe Barton, as she was first called, presented a rather interesting exterior to the world. No one in her youth seems to have suspected how very gifted the girl behind the big brown eyes was. Circumstances, moving quietly on in their noiseless task of shaping the young girl's life, at last revealed her to the world in her real worth and ability.

The life of Clara Barton, now so widely known, began quite inconspicuously in Oxford, Massachusetts, in the year 1830. Captain Stephen Barton and his wife had four children in their early married life; after a space of ten years little Clara was born. Of course she was a great favorite with the two older sisters and the two tall brothers. Life on the Barton farm took on new interest when there was an eager little girl to be taught. The mother often wondered what her baby girl would do with all the mass of miscellaneous information that was thrust into her bright little mind. Her young instructors taught her to read, to weave, to tie a "hard" knot, to break a colt, to churn, to keep house. Somehow when she became a teacher she used all her information and re-

joiced that she knew life from baseball to buttons. She took up teaching very early. A friend of the Barton family, having been consulted on the subject of a cure for little Clara's shyness, advised putting responsibility on her eager young shoulders. She became a school teacher while still in her teens and completely justified her old friend's faith in her latent abilities.

Clara Barton was always a successful teacher, winning her way because she forgot herself and remembered the children. She had had several years of experience when she saw an opportunity and made it her own. For lack of a free school the children of Bordentown, New Jersey, were roaming the streets. Clara asked the town's permission to start such a school. She began with six pupils and after a few years she ended with six hundred scholars. The reason she gave up her Bordentown work was an odd one—people did not think so large a school should be run by a woman. It did not seem to occur to the town fathers that the woman who had founded the school and enlarged it, had greater ability than many men. Naturally Clara was not willing to become a

subordinate. After resigning her Bordentown position, she took up work in the patent office in Washington in 1854.

By the time the Civil War shook the country Clara Barton knew the city well. Finding that her free time was not enough to devote to the cause of the wounded soldiers, Clara gradually gave all her efforts to her self-chosen task of aiding the army. The two years she had spent in nursing long ago helped her now to understand the sick and the wounded. Her work became widely known and in 1864 General Butler appointed her "Lady-in-charge" of the hospitals at the front of the Army of the James. In 1865 Clara Barton went to Andersonville, Georgia, to mark the graves of Union soldiers buried there. In the same year President Lincoln placed the search for missing Union soldiers in her charge. In the years 1866-67 she lectured on her war experiences. Interested audiences listened to the magnetic voice of the woman who had, of her own choice, braved the dangers of war and its privations. Clara Barton had seen hunger and bloodshed and homesickness. She had heard the thunder of the bursting shells of bombardment, she had

heard the broken whispers of the dying. And she knew how to tell what she had seen and known. People listened to her lectures and wished to help her in her plans for aiding the war sufferers. But these plans were destined to be postponed because the brave little war worker lost her voice. She could lecture no longer. She was forced to go to Switzerland to recuperate.

Clara Barton carried with her to the new country a sense of loss, of work undone and plans unfulfilled. Her great wish to organize relief work for the United States army seemed to have met defeat. In reality she was just entering upon the greatest achievement of her life. At Geneva a group of prominent men asked Clara Barton to interest the United States in the Red Cross, then a comparatively new organization even in Europe. Clara was immediately interested in this project but the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war postponed her return to America and gave her first-hand information about the workings of the Red Cross in Europe. When the war broke out, Clara cast her invalidism aside and declared she must go to the Front to help the soldiers. It

did not matter to her on which side the men were fighting; their need was all she considered. She joined the Grand Duchess of Baden in organizing military hospitals. In 1871 she superintended the supplies given the poor in Strasburg. In this city she was able to arrange a self-helpful society by means of which the poor people were able to supply each other's needs. In 1872 Miss Barton distributed supplies in destitute Paris.

Clara Barton's return to America was followed by another period of recuperation. She had again used up all her energies in army work; but she could not forget the war sufferers. The Golden Cross of Baden had been awarded her; she had also received the iron cross of Germany. The cross that really interested her, however, she was not able to bring to her country. The Red Cross was as yet unorganized in the United States. On her sick-bed Clara Barton thought of that cross and its work; she could not bear to have her country go without its noble aid. For years she worked, and then in 1881 the victory came; Clara Barton was appointed the president of the Red Cross society in America. This organization

was modelled on its European namesake; its aim being, "to organize a system of national relief and to apply the same in mitigating suffering caused by war, pestilence, famine and other calamities."

It was not long before there was plenty of work for the new society and its energetic founder. One of the first duties Clara Barton performed as head of the Red Cross in the United States was to superintend the relief work for the flood sufferers in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys in 1884. In the same year she was a delegate to the international Peace Conference at Geneva. Meanwhile she had been preparing a history of the Red Cross at the request of the United States senate; and that was not the only piece of literary work she found time to do on the subject of her great work.

In 1893 the cyclone sufferers on the Atlantic coast needed Red Cross aid. In 1896 Clara Barton went to Constantinople to administer funds for the relief of the Armenian sufferers. These are only a few of the great deeds done by the first president of the American Red Cross, in peace and in war. The great society



has grown and grown until there is scarcely a child in the country who does not know of it and its good work. The name of Clara Barton is internationally famous. Death came to her in April, 1912. She lives forever in her great deeds.

## XV

MARY PUTNAM JACOBI

### *Daughter and Doctor*

IF you had your choice would you be the eldest daughter of a large family or the youngest? Which? The oldest has the problems and the youngest has the petting. Mary Putnam was glad to be counted first in a group of brothers and sisters that numbered eleven. Although she was born in London on August 31, 1842, Mary had few English memories. During little "Minnie's" childhood Stapleton, Staten Island, was the family home for five happy years. It was there that she became the adored leader of a group of boys and girls, a leader in all the best-loved country sports—pony-riding, surf-bathing, coasting, skating; everything that young people enjoy, these youngsters did, frolicking merrily through their early years. Sometimes Minnie's beautiful young mother, Victorine, accompanied the children on their

expeditions. Hardly larger than a child herself, Victorine Putnam could set her pony racing with the rest along the beaches and over the downs.

When Minnie was about nine years old a famous visitor came to the Putnam home. Susan Warner was reading the proofs of her *Wide, Wide World*, but she found time to read her friends' children, too. She wrote of the Staten Island household, "Mrs. Putnam is a jewel of a wife and mother. It is a pleasure to see the perfect affection and good humor between the heads of the family, and the very nice management and education of the fine intelligent children. Mrs. Putnam does not seem to consider her children a burdensome charge. Minnie is very intelligent."

It was about this time that the little girl who later became a famous physician, began to write stories. Possibly she had written before, but in 1851 she wrote a tale called *The Three Paths of Life*, a very serious little story. The last word of the title was characteristic of the child. She was always wondering about LIFE, what it was and what it might bring her. It soon brought her a change from the care-

free country living to a house in Sixteenth Street, New York, opposite St. George's Church. Mr. Putnam enjoyed being near his publishing house but Minnie did not like the city. Still she must have found some pleasure in this new life, for a friend has written of it, "The evenings at the Putnams' were one of the very great pleasures that winter. His position as leading publisher in New York brought all noted strangers within his reach; and so among artists and professors, ministers and men of science, you would see Thackeray one night and Lowell another. But when you stood in the not over-large room among perhaps seventy people, you felt they must all be good talkers—they made so little noise! People wanted to hear as well as speak; and there was just a soft buzz of conversation through the room.

"The night of the first reception, just before the first arrivals, the oldest daughter of the house (Minnie) decorated the front door with a notice (happily discovered in time by her father) 'Nobody admitted who cannot talk.' "

Besides the subjects she heard her parents' friends discuss, little Mary Putnam's mind was

steadily turned toward religion through the influence of her father's mother. Unfortunately Madame Putnam made the subject joyless and sombre, but as she grew older Minnie became clear-minded enough to take for her own only what was best and truest in her grandmother's teaching. Possibly the epidemic of cholera that was raging at the time, had its part in turning the young girl's mind toward serious subjects. It surely had an influence in her life, for it caused her parents to take their young family out of the city of suffering into a healthier neighborhood. The Putnams moved to a pretty home in Yonkers in 1854, and in 1857 there was another moving caused by unfortunate business conditions. It was the year of a great financial panic and Mr. Putnam's business suffered with other less prosperous firms. To pay the family debts the delightful Yonkers home was sold; a new and less expensive home was found near High Bridge. Seven acres of woodland surrounded the quaint but inconvenient dwelling. The stable still had two ponies in it. There was a garden to be cultivated by Minnie and her eldest brother, together they also cared for the ponies. It was

a life of responsibility for the young people; besides her home duties Minnie had to take a train to New York every school morning in order to attend classes in the high school superintended most efficiently by Miss Wadleigh, and afterward named for her. For two years Mary studied and helped to tend the ponies and the garden, then she graduated. The imposing title of her commencement essay was, "The Moral Significance of William the Conqueror."

Afterward there were private lessons in Greek for the little student and the elder-sisterly task of teaching her little brothers and sisters; and Minnie never neglected anything she had to do for her family. She did not forget, however, a favorite teacher at the Wadleigh School. Miss Swift kept up a correspondence with her admiring pupil. Through this friendship Minnie was able later to gain permission in Civil War times to go to Louisiana to care for her young soldier brother, George Haven Putnam, when he fell sick in camp. Again in this experience the elder sister was uppermost in Mary. Her love for her brother made her fearless during the trials of

her journey and made her a good nurse when she reached her destination. The nursing continued for some time and she was often asked to do unaccustomed things. One night she attended a negro camp meeting and was asked to speak. The comment of her whole congregation was, "Young Missus, she did preach right powerful."

Possibly the course in pharmacy which Mary Putnam had taken in New York just before she set off to nurse her soldier brother, helped her to be useful in the army camp. At any rate after she returned to the North her knowledge of medicines helped her to decide her life work. She now definitely wished to study medicine. A letter from her father at this time shows the family attitude toward her choice. "Now, Minnie," he wrote, "you know very well that I am proud of your abilities and am willing that you should apply them even to the repulsive pursuit (for it is so in spite of oneself) of Medical Science. But don't let yourself be absorbed and gobbled up in that branch of the animal kingdom ordinarily called strong-minded women! Don't let them intensify your self will and independence, for

they are strong enough already. Don't be congealed or fossilized into a hard, tenacious, unbending personification of intellectual conceit, however strongly fortified you feel sure that you are."

This strong but excellent advice helped Mary when she was studying medicine in Philadelphia, later it aided her when, in her twenty-fifth year, she set out to continue her studies in Paris. She had earned money by tutoring and in September 1866 she set sail for France. She reached Paris without any mishap and there went at once to see Dr. Blackwell, the sister of Henry Blackwell, Lucy Stone's famous husband. Dr. Blackwell obtained lodgings for Mary in the Quartier Latin. "I have only a tiny bedroom," she wrote home, "but the use of a parlor to receive visitors, and board for twenty dollars a month." Later she wrote of this adopted home, "It is astonishing how easily one gets accustomed to things; my little room seems ample to me by this time—when I go to bed the towers of Notre Dame loom grandly through the slight silvery mist like a dream."

But this new life in a new land was not all



beautiful dreams. A large part of it was hard work, persistent effort to gain entrance to medical classes and clinics not before opened to a woman. Mary studied French, she taught English; she worked in the daytime and she worked at night. She helped out her little savings by writing for American newspapers. In all this busy new life Mary Putnam never forgot that she was an elder sister; her home letters are vivid and full of affectionate plans for helping the younger children when her education was completed. In January 1868, she wrote gaily to her mother, "Allow me to gratify the anticipation of six months by the following announcement. Day before yesterday for the first time since its foundation several centuries ago, a petticoat might be seen in the august amphitheatre of the *École de Médecine*. The petticoat enrobed the form of your most obedient servant and dutiful daughter!"

Not even the Siege of Paris could keep this enthusiastic girl from obtaining her diploma. Wars might delay her; they could not keep her from her purpose. Long ago she had had to choose between a new dress and a new microscope. Finally, after five years of effort, Mary

Putnam saw her thesis accepted and knew that she was to receive her degree. It has been said that, "The renown of the scholastic triumph escaped seclusion within the walls of the Sorbonne, and such journals as the *Figaro* commented on the success of the young American who had been rebuffed in her application for a professional degree five years previous."

The American press was no less laudatory, and when Mary returned to her family in New York she was recognised as a promising member of a profession slow to accept women into its circles. The Medical Society of the County of New York elected her a member in 1871. Dr. Blackwell had been the first woman taken into this august body of physicians, Mary Putnam was the second. It was at the ceremony of admission that Mary met her future husband, Dr. Abraham Jacobi. She was married in July 1873. In Dr. Jacobi Mary found a devoted husband and a loving father to the little son and daughter who came to her. Mary Putnam Jacobi had one home in New York City, another at Lake George. She had trips to Europe and many other things that money will buy, but she never forgot that she was first of

all a physician. Her patients took the place of her little brothers and sisters, who had grown up and no longer needed her care. She was faithful to them and to her medical studies. Interesting lectures of hers on nearly every subject in medical literature are most carefully kept by her followers. For a long time she was a professor in the Woman's Medical College. She resigned this work in 1888. Her little son had died in 1883, but Mary Putnam lived to see her daughter go to Barnard College. In 1895 both parents accompanied this daughter to Europe, where, in Greece, Mary delighted to read her Greek Testament on the Acropolis.

Mary Putnam's earthly life did not end until the year 1906, after years of service to the suffering people of this world whom she considered her sisters and her brothers. A friend has written of her, "I only want to think of Mary Putnam Jacobi in the zenith of her physical and mental power, with her flashing brown eyes, and the fire and magnetism of her vibrant being. She was one to inspire and lead, and generously and gloriously did she give of her talents to her beloved profession. When the history of women in medicine is fully writ-

ten, there will be no more commanding figure than hers, to become a beacon light to future generations."















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